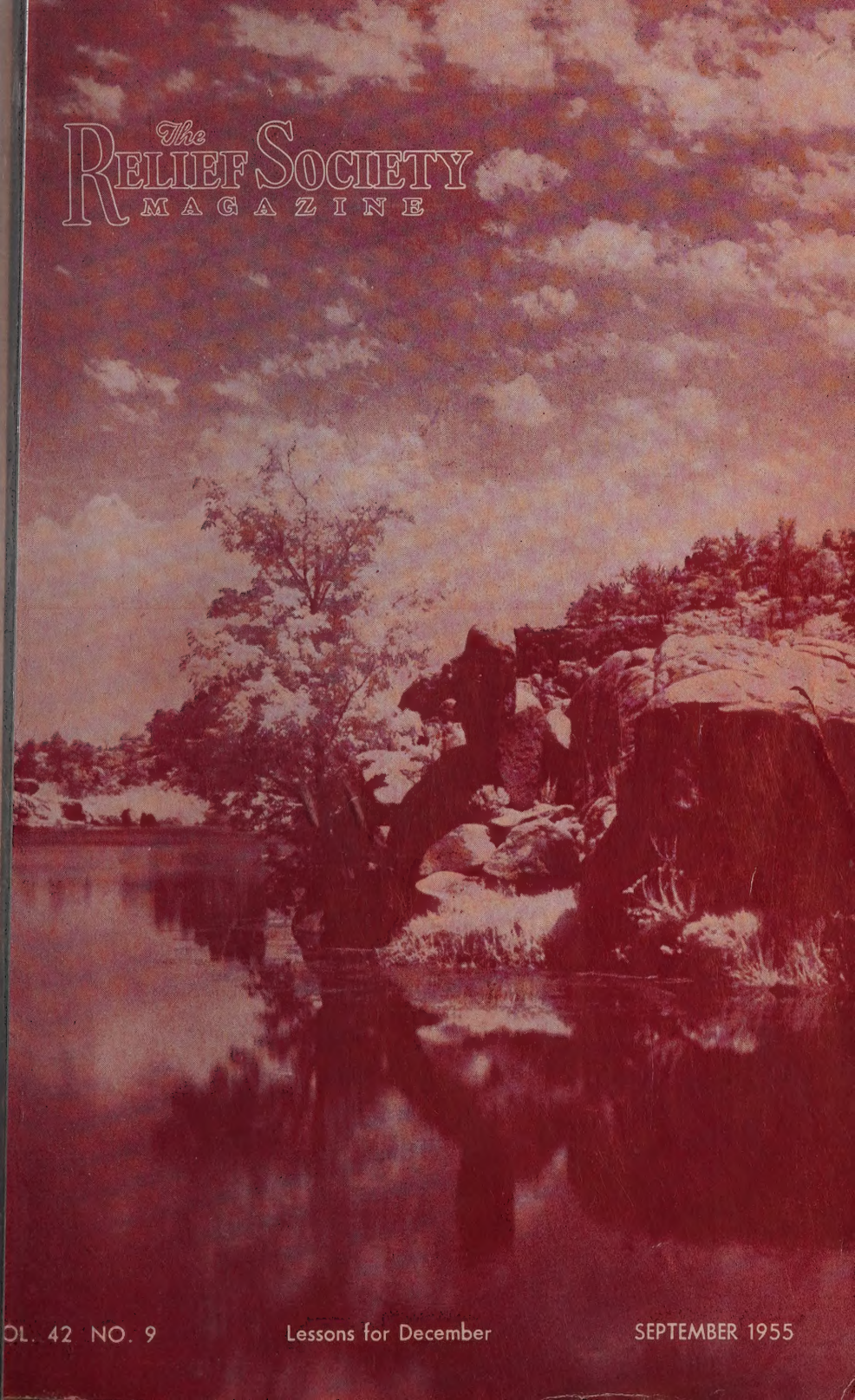

OL. 42 NO. 9

Lessons for December

SEPTEMBER 1955

A Perry Picture—Copyright 1904

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

To the Framers of the Constitution Philadelphia, 1787

Alberta H. Christensen

James Madison—Keeper of the Word

In journaled words, penned to the fractioned hour
By you, James Madison, the Founding Fathers rise
To their full stature, speak again with power,
To press opinion, weigh, and summarize.
Through you, we watch these architects survey
A virgin acreage; avoiding silt
And shifting sand, they strike foundation rock
On which a house of freedom may be built.

Through you, their fervor traces with a flame
The corridor where freedom candles burn;
A pulse restored beats in a printed name,
For only you, with future sight, return
The silenced voice, the echoing bells once heard.
How history-wise you were — Keeper of the Word!

George Washington—Counselor

Where freedom balanced with uncertainty,
You pressed no argument in bold debate
(Although men sought your counsel privily)
And yet your presence was the counterweight
Against belief that liberty might fail.
Not syllables — for your convention words were few;
Trenton and Valley Forge and Yorktown spoke for you.

* * * * *

Look at your country now — George Washington,
Counseled by freedom to a full maturity.
Years upon years ago you helped to make it free,
Your courage marshalling each patriot son.

It was so young, so very much in need
Of sound and prudent fathering, to keep
It safe from injuries of greed. Heart-deep
Was your devotion, your faith as firm as stone;
You guided well its first uncertain steps
Until the infant Nation had strength to walk alone!

Benjamin Franklin—Oarsman

You were the oarsman, Ben, that vital season
Of seventeen eighty-seven, though few
Would know, outside the square, white paneled room
Where Freedom's charter faltered on the reef
Of sharp debate. Here reason sparred with reason,
And calm nerves tensed, but you adroitly steered
The boats of thought to wharves of compromise;
You smoothed the waves of tension when you veered
From currents of dissent into an alternate
Of peaceful words and unified belief.

Word injuries were healed in that recess
Your seasoned thinking urged, and oh, how wise
The sparkling jest—though you were eighty-two—
That checked the windy-words forecasting doom.
Thus great men fashioned phrases to express
Our human rights, inherent and inviolate.

The Cover: "Granite Dells, Near Prescott, Arizona"
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I am so grateful for the *Magazine* and do so enjoy the wonderful contributions of our Authorities and also the editorial section. The *Magazine* has been a great help and inspiration to me here in the mission field. It seems like a dear friend coming to call.

—Mary G. Sorensen

President, Danish Mission
Relief Society
Copenhagen, Denmark

I have been receiving *The Relief Society Magazine* for some months. I find it very interesting. I wish to add I am very grateful to you for it.

—Mrs. Helen Markovejos

Hallandri, Attikes
Greece

I have really enjoyed the *Magazine* and feel that the articles and features have contributed to my spiritual growth. So often before, I would say "I'm only a housewife," but now I've learned to appreciate the position a wife and mother holds in the building of Zion, so I can hold my head high and say "I am a homemaker," knowing full well this is the position the Heavenly Father wants each of us to fulfill with diligence and with love. Within me has been born a desire to be a better mother, wife, and housekeeper. I still fall short of my goal, but I trust I will continue to learn with the help of the *Magazine* and the association of the sisters. But, most of all, I hope my daughters will learn what I've learned —that to enjoy the blessings of the gospel, you must live it and associate with the saints, so that you can continue to grow.

—Mayona Grinder

Arlington, Virginia

I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am only fifteen, but ever since I was a little girl I have read it. I look forward to it every month.

—Miss Judy Irene Lee

Aberdeen, Idaho

We truly enjoy the *Magazine* and the spirit it brings into our home. I choose some of the most choice articles from the *Magazine* to read to the family at the table during our dinner hour. The wholesome and inspiring stories are especially appreciated by my teen-age daughters. I keep all of my subscription issues and take them to loved ones when they are in the hospital. We love our *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Laura W. Magnusson

Anchorage, Alaska

Let's have some more stories from that talented writer, Frances Carter Yost.

—Mrs. Clyde Crandall

Rupert, Idaho

I enjoy the Woman's Sphere page in the *Magazine* very much. It must take a lot of work and effort to collect so much material concerning women's activities all over the world, in every field of endeavor. It amazes me that women can develop talents in so many fields. I am afraid I never find time for anything outside of home and Church. A husband and little children constitute a full-time job for me, so I admire women who do this and other works, too.

—Margaret Piele

Albuquerque, New Mexico

I thought you might be interested in my care of these valuable little books which are gems of sunshine in my shut-in hours. I assemble them in order, then bind them into books. I learned bookbinding some years ago, and now I find this a wonderful way to enjoy my *Magazine* for many years. Each book has an index to help me find articles more easily, too. I am a convert and have never missed a copy of the *Magazine* since joining the Church.

—Mrs. H. L. Thielke

Bremerton, Washington

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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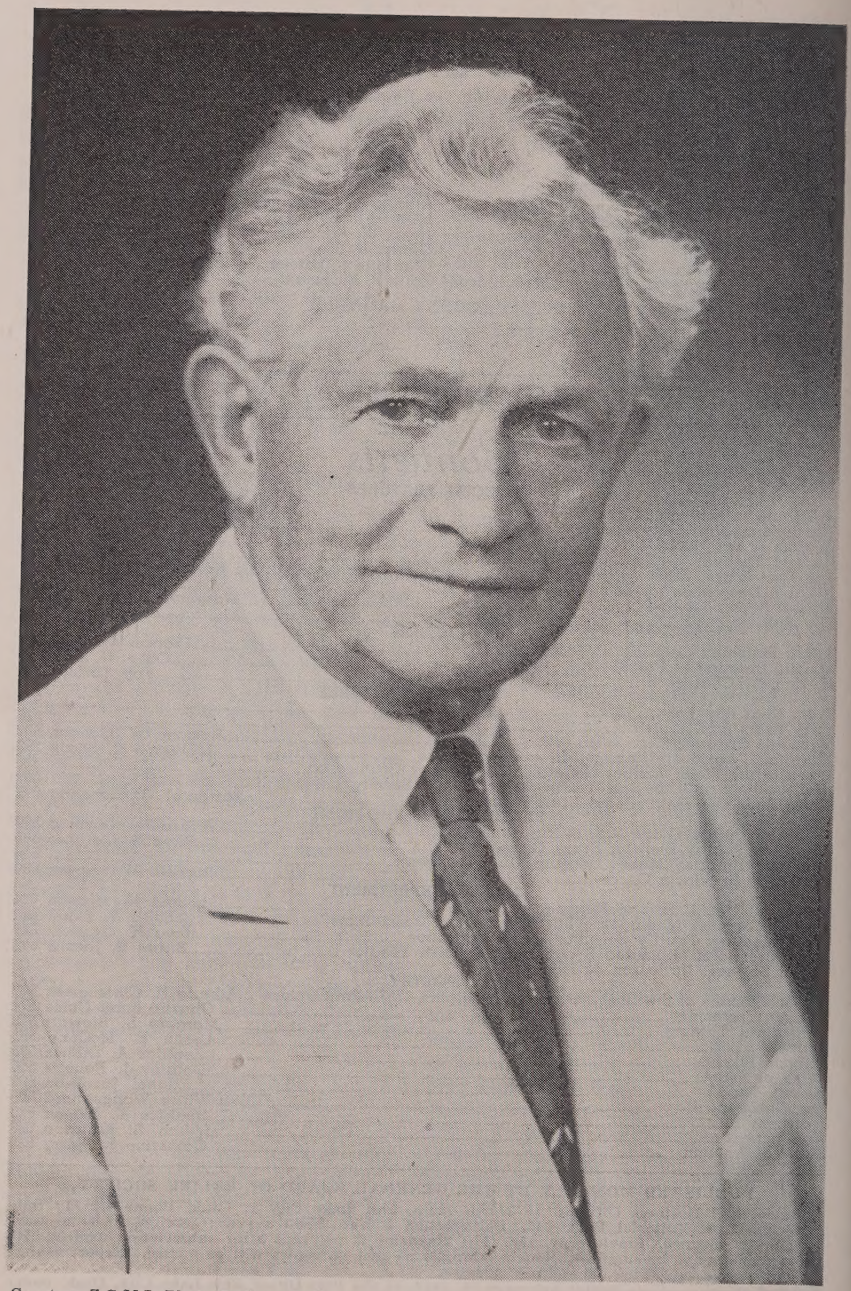


Courtesy Z.C M.I. Photo Reflex Studio

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

A Tribute to President David O. McKay

On His Eighty-Second Birthday, September 8, 1955

Elizabeth Hill Boswell

Born to this world of sturdy pioneer stock,
Nurtured in a home of faith and prayer,
Imbued with a love of learning and of men,
He stands, stalwart, handsome, unafraid,
Our prophet, leader, teacher, loving friend.

No woeful Job nor wroth Elijah he
Flinging curses at a frightened world,
But a kindly prophet of a latter day
With compassionate and understanding heart,
Leading by example and by faith
In the footsteps of the Son of God.

A prophet, yes, and loving father, too,
To every child that ever crossed his way,
With time to listen to some childish woe
Or saddle up a horse for happy rides.
Always laughing, always smiling eyes,
A friend to love and follow without fear.

An inspiring teacher, born with love of man
As every teacher must be to succeed,
But more, imbued with that true love of books
That makes of every one a treasured friend,
Teaching us by precept, story, poem,
Following again the Master's plan.

A loving husband, considerate and kind,
Exemplifying in this weary world
All that is manly, virtuous, and true,
The answer to the worldly cynic's taunt
That faithfulness does not exist today.

This is the man on whom we look with pride.
This is the man we follow without fear.
This is the man we pray for every day,
The kind of man that God meant man to be.

The Influence of Relief Society in the Home

President Marion D. Hanks
Of the First Council of Seventy

A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

* * * * * *

Happy he
With such a Mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

(Happy he with such a Mother!)
—Tennyson

IT is not always possible to look into our lives and specifically identify and credit, as to origin, lessons learned and influences felt and inspiration received from individuals and incidents and institutions. Perhaps many of us acknowledge gratefully the effect and impact in our lives of some fine teacher or friend or leader, without being able to recall any specific lesson or idea that he or she taught us. Some of us remember some particular class we participated in for a period, out of which we came humbler, wiser, more dedicated individuals—without recalling a single specific example of the lessons or experiences which so affected us. Yet most (if not all) of us recognize the great influential effect in our lives of certain people and experiences and activities and organizations. So it is with my life and the influence of Relief Society in my mother's home: some few specific aspects of its influence I can now clearly see and remember; but this great auxiliary organization had a wider and more important meaning in our home than any certain set of lessons or experiences would seem adequate to indicate. This has been true, I am sure (and is today and will always be), in countless other homes where the wonderful influence of this prophetically established organization has been felt.

Some time ago I visited my mother and found her chuckling over an entry she was reading from the minutes of a Relief Society meeting held 11 June, 1887. Having been involved in Relief Society work all

the adult years of her life, as a member, literary and social science class leader, ward president for six depression years, stake board member, stake president for ten years, and, now again, as a faithful member, mother has maintained a lively interest in the organization and all its activities. The entry she was reading in the 1887 minute book follows:

> Sister Z. Smith said they were choice spirits that came to these meetings to be fed and urged all the sisters to arise to their feet and they would obtain a blessing.
>
> Sister Watmough advised the sisters to live nearer the Lord and thereby regain His presence. She said when the earth's foundations were laid "the sons of God shouted for joy," but no mention was made of the sisters being there. "Let us do our duty and get along the side of the sons," she said.
>
> Sister Stevenson arose to correct the quotation referred to by Sister Watmough. She said: "'The morning stars sang and the sons of God shouted for joy.' Sisters, we were the morning stars and we *were there* when the foundations of the earth were laid."

This (to me) priceless and very humorous exchange might well be taken as indicative of the understanding and faith the wonderful women of the Relief Society have (and have always had) in the Church and gospel of Jesus Christ. The faithful women of the Church know that while the Priesthood is conferred upon the men, the highest blessings of the Priesthood can only be shared by man and woman together: "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord" (I Cor. 11:11). The woman's place in the Church is by the side of her husband, neither superior to him nor subservient to him. She might well be thought to be the "morning star" in the lives of her husband and family.

WHAT an incalculable boon it would be to the full realization of the Lord's purposes for the Church and its people, if every mother in the Church would understand and accept the responsibility of gaining (1) a personal knowledge of the principles of the gospel, and (2) a personal testimony of their truthfulness and divine origin, and then set about prayerfully and faithfully to live them and teach them to her children. It was the Prophet Joseph who said: "The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls" (D. H. C., V, page 25). I am grateful beyond expression that my mother had the wisdom and inspiration to know that her own dedication to learning and living the gospel were vital to the faith of her children. The basic Relief Society objectives of developing faith, of studying and teaching the gospel, of participating in the full program of the Church—these were implicit in her home. Widowed early in life, with six minor children, ill herself, she found strength and courage in her faith in God and his revealed truths, and reared her family in the light of them. When outside influences and temptations beset some of us, her firmness and faith and high expectations for us helped to combat them; when some of us sometimes fell short of what we ought to have been, her calm cour-

age and confidence in us helped us to regain the ground.

While I remember mother studying the gospel and preparing to teach its principles in her Relief Society and M.I.A. classes, I do not now recall any specific occasions when we discussed them (though I am sure we did in our home evenings). I do not remember ever hearing, for instance, a specific *discussion* on the principle of faith at home, but I will never forget the *lessons* of faith I learned there. I could not have been more than three or four when my sainted father came back to visit mother and me as I slept in my little bed alongside hers. It was a time of deep difficulty and he had come to give encouragement and love. We talked the next morning of his visit, and there was no question in either mind that he had been there; each of us saw him and heard him and remembered what he said. Probably I was not yet five when a serious illness brought us to mother's bedside in the early morning hours. The first order of activity was to kneel there and pray to our Heavenly Father; the second was to run for our neighbor, Brother Kotter, to come to administer to her; the third was to discuss whether a doctor should be called.

My first lesson in repentance and forgiveness I learned on mother's lap, sobbing out a confession of some childish misdeed, observing her sorrow and disappointment, and feeling the warmth of her love and the gentleness of her heart in her pardon.

Among other truths we learned from our mother was a firsthand lesson on honoring our parents. Mother's own pioneer mother came to live in our home the last years of her life. There was some talk from others outside the home about civic or other welfare assistance, and very little personal concern from some who should have been concerned. There was sometimes foolish (and now deeply lamented) youthful intolerance in grandmother's problems and difficulties. But none of this came from mother, the one who bore most of the burden. She truly honored her mother in health and in sickness, in happiness and in very trying circumstances. This lesson I'm sure I shall not forget nor cease being grateful for. As to obedience to the Lord's commandments, as to Church activity, as to courage, to us our mother's own life has always been the most impressive lesson available.

AND how did the Relief Society program help in our home? The Relief Society would have all of its members "care for the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate," and "minister where death reigns." Just how important would it be to our Father in heaven and to our brother men to have this ideal realized in the lives of his children? I'm sure that countless homes of Relief Society workers reflect my own appreciation for learning this lesson. I could not number the hours nor occasions of friendship and loving sympathy given the ill, the sorrowing, the needy or fearful, the bereaved. Nor could I put a price on the worth of observing, as a youth, the activation of this ideal. My first remembered lesson in un-

selfishness came with my weekly commission to carry a plate of warm dinner from our Sunday table up to old Sister Olsen on the corner, a plate usually prepared before our own meal was undertaken. Awareness that even the humblest and most modest of homes and individuals have something very vital to share with others came, as, in her Relief Society and other Church work, Mother, daily, gave freely of her love, faith, deep sympathy and understanding, of her encouragement and kindness, and of her meager material supply.

ONE of the goals and objectives of the Relief Society organization is to "foster love for religion, education, culture, and refinement" in the lives of its members and all whom it touches. How wonderfully important this ideal should be in every L.D.S. home! Every complete life needs the direction and inspiration of religious truth, needs to be acquainted with the working areas of civics and political thought, needs the soul-lifting touch of wonderful literature and music. How grateful I am for the Relief Society work my mother did in teaching literature and social science! I first heard of Longfellow and Hawthorne, of Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Shakespeare through her studies. My first acquaintance with the names of Sir Walter Scott, of Lewis and Clark, of Sacajawea, came around the table as she talked of her lesson work. My first efforts to write poetry were based on her lovely poems, stimulated by her Relief Society labors. (As a little boy I once insulted a less literary minded four-year-old playmate by calling him "James Whitcomb Riley," a name I'd learned from a Relief Society lesson but which he thought was an epithet!)

The Lord has told us that the ". . . . fullness of the earth" (all those things which he has provided for our "benefit and use") is given us "both . . . to strengthen the body and to *enliven the soul*" (D. & C. 59:16 ff). No life is really full which gives entire emphasis to material things and ignores the beautiful and cultural and inspirational in the world. No home meets its full opportunity which fails to awaken its inhabitants to an appreciation of these things; and it would seem to me that a mother does not meet the full possibilities of her parenthood who makes no effort to open the lives of her children to an enjoyment of them. Possibly no organization in the Church is more awake to its responsibilities in the realm of the beautiful and cultural than the Relief Society.

Some of the earliest and clearest memories of my youth are of the (to me, then) impossibly intricate quilts taking form on the quilting frames in our front room, with the ladies chatting happily as they painstakingly stitched the patterns. I remember, too, the rugs that were sewed and woven, the old phonograph records that were heated and softened and molded into trays and dishes, the cloth and paper and wire flowers that were fashioned, the piano-bench cover and the chair seats that were sewed or done in needlepoint, the vases that were made out of bottles covered with numerous bits of the lining of Christmas card envelopes and shel-

lacked. These early lessons in beauty included, too, the musical duets and choruses being practiced around our piano, and the sight and smell of bread and cookies and pies and cakes and chili made for the ward dinners and bazaars, where we each proudly identified our own mother's pies and her aprons and handiwork as they hung on display.

WOULD any mother be unaware of the importance of these activities in building a love of beauty and creativeness in the lives of her children? The poet Saadi said:

If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft,
And of thy slender store
Two loaves alone to thee are left,
Sell one and with the dole,
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

God's gifts to man, he said, are to " . . . strengthen the body and to enliven the soul."

A member of the Relief Society fully meeting the challenge of the organization's objectives would be diligently engaged in seeking ". . . to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life." She would be studying the story of her country's and community's institutions and would insist upon being a participating citizen, and urge her children to do likewise. She would be interested in all candidates for office, and might become one herself. The effect of consistent attention to the Relief Society social science lessons over the past years would be to supply a remarkable education in the basic documents and institutions of our country and our society. (The practical effect of Relief Society's stimulus to civic responsibility was to move me, at the age of eight, to leave a ladies' political caucus in our front room and go to a typewriter to prepare a personal ballot on which I indicated my preference for one of the then candidates for the Presidency of our country!)

Does one really wonder how much the attitude of a parent toward mankind influences a child in his later relationships? One basic Relief Society objective is ". . . to manifest benevolence, irrespective of creed or nationality." I will not forget an experience of a few years ago when I tried, unsuccessfully, to find public accommodations in our city for three fine, clean, educated negro boys who were visitors to Temple Square as members of a college choir. All efforts having failed, I called my mother and found, as I expected, no hesitancy in her, at all, as she offered her home for the use of the boys during their stay, and came herself to share our tiny apartment while they lived in her home. The young men discovered a benevolence and a Christian kindness in her act which made them truly love her and which stimulated in them, as it has done in me, a greater desire to be, in reality, a brother to all men.

Our home was a very average and humble one—no one of us would ever think to suggest otherwise, and we were all average and humble children. But our home (like countless other Latter-day Saint homes) and our lives (like the lives of countless other Latter-day Saint children) were greatly blessed and affected by the influence of the wonderful program of the Relief Society.

What a blessing would come to

the Lord's children and his Church, if every Latter-day Saint woman were to carry into her home and make available to her family the religious, educational, cultural, social, humanitarian program of this inspired organization, the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints!

Happy the home and fortunate the child . . . with such a mother!

Don Knight

RUBICON BAY, LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

Autumn Testament

Christie Lund Coles

The world has lit the emblems of her faith
Along each mountainside and lane and stream;
The yellow trees give testament that she
Is one with the promise and the golden dream.

The flaming maples bank the fires of hope,
And promise—with a pine-tree surety—
That when the darkened wintertime is done
Rekindled light will tip each willow tree.

Apple Polishing

Frances C. Yost

IT was the first day of school, and Martha Carlson had promised the children she would drive them to school today. "Please, Mamma, this first day!" was their oft-repeated plea, and it echoed and re-echoed in Martha's ears.

Martha secretly longed to spend the day at school herself. Little Joey, the youngest, was beginning first grade, but there were the apples which needed picking.

As they walked down the path toward the family car, Martha's four children clustered around her like mushrooms. Martha looked upon each of them with a degree of pride.

The children all had respectable names, names with meat to them, like the stalwart name her own parents had given her. But Martha never used their real names. A mother had special privileges, and she had a pet name for each of them. Priscilla, she called Prissy; Rebecca was Becky; William Junior was just Junie, and the fourth, the little shaver and the apple of her eye, though christened Joseph, was Joey.

Martha thought Joseph was the very nicest name a man could be given. So many great men were named Joseph, like Joseph of Nazareth, Joseph of Egypt, and Joseph Smith of latter days. Yes, Joseph was a good name, and she was glad her youngest had the name, but she affectionately called him Joey. Martha showered love and affection on her growing children, and they thrived upon it.

As she and the children walked under their favorite apple tree growing by the road, Martha looked up at the rosy red apples. "The apples hang heavily on the trees, they should be picked today," she murmured.

Then to herself she mumbled, "But starting Joey properly in kindergarten is more important today. It's a mother's privilege to stay with her little one all the first day, and I'm going to do it, apples or no apples."

"Can we take an apple to the teacher?" Becky asked, her brown eyes glowing with excitement and expectation. Becky would be in the fifth grade this year.

"It might put us in good standing with a new teacher!" Prissy said. "You know 'an apple for the teacher.' Get it?" Prissy was in junior high now, and had learned that it paid to do some apple polishing.

Everyone laughed, even Martha. "Yes," Martha replied to Becky's question, "there's time for each of you to pick some apples. There's tissue in the glove compartment, you can do your apple polishing right in the car."

Martha shifted the car into drive, and sat back relaxed to enjoy the four-mile ride to town. The children were quietly polishing their apples. They had picked a few extra ones for special friends.

Martha was still in a quandary; ıe apples did need picking. Should ıe go right back home and pick ıe apples? It would mean quite a ɔt to the family if they were picked efore the wind blew them from ıe trees. Or should she let her eart direct her, and visit school? mother should spend the first day school with her little one, Mar-ıa argued against her better judg-ıent.

As the car glided swiftly along ıe paved highway, Martha's ıoughts shifted into reverse . . . .

* * * * *

T was another beautiful Septem-ber day, eight years before, but ıe sky and the atmosphere were entical. Martha felt the same ensational feeling of having her ɔron strings cut this day, as when was her first-born who was starting f to school.

Martha couldn't take Prissy, for ıey didn't have a car. All they had as a pickup truck, and Steve had in the fields where he was work-g.

Martha couldn't even walk the miliar country lane with Prissy, ıd see her board the bus, because the two little ones at home. But ıe watched the child swishing own the lane in her new red, hite, and blue pin-stripe dress, ith an air of importance for so shy little girl.

Martha watched at the window ntil the bus stopped, and little issy climbed aboard. Prissy would ıow some of the children, but any faces would be strange to her. was a long day for Martha, ıough the duties of home were uch the same. There were four-year-old Becky and tiny Junie to occupy her every moment, but Prissy held her every thought. Junie and Becky were here beside her, she did not wonder about them.

The clock finally worked itself around to four o'clock, and Martha saw the approaching school bus. Her first impulse was to run up the lane to meet Prissy, but she checked herself and watched at the window. Prissy alighted from the bus, and walked, grownup like, up the lane, with never a backward look. The time of waiting seemed long to Martha, though little Prissy hurried to the house.

As she entered the doorway, it seemed that Prissy had grown up since morning. Gone was the inward fear of boarding a bus alone and meeting the world without Mother. Martha knew Prissy had accepted the challenge and proved herself. Inwardly, she had to admit that little six-year-old Prissy had been the bravest of the two of them that day.

Looking back through life, one can see the places of change, like great locks through which one glides on a flood wave, sometimes smoothly and sometimes with undercurrents.

Martha then saw in her mind's eye, the day little Becky started for school. It wasn't quite as hard to see her cut the apron strings. Becky was a dream child, dressed in a dainty pink linen frock.

Again Martha had no alternative but to see the children take the bus the first day of school. Still no family car, and still the pickup in use on the farm. Again, she was tied at home with two tiny children.

But the play pen was safe, so she could leave the little boys while she walked the short distance to the bus with the girls.

"It won't be necessary, Mother." Prissy said. Prissy was only a third grader, but caring for the children made her a responsible, miniature mother. "We'll manage nicely alone. I'll hold tiny Becky's hand all the way, and take her directly to Miss Palmer's room."

The day proceeded much like other days, cleaning, baking, caring for the little children, but always wondering what was taking place in the halls of education four miles away. When late afternoon brought the yellow bus to the lane again, Martha saw the girls alight and skip down the familiar lane, with Prissy still clenching Becky's hand.

As they entered the house, Prissy showed the drawings Becky had made at school, a church, and their own home. Martha knew, then, that although Becky would manage nicely out in the world, she would always lean just a little on her older sister Prissy.

MARTHA had read somewhere that life is not a tiled road leading to the pearly gates, but more like a pendulum swinging from a clock, sometimes toward misery, sometimes toward joy. The day Junie started school was mixed with misery and joy for Martha.

The Carlsons now had a beautiful blue sedan, which was ready and waiting for Martha's use. Martha saw Junie that day in September of his sixth year, as plainly as if it were televised. Junie, as lean as the shoot of a willow, was an independent youngster who took responsibility. How many times had she told him, he was the oldest son? Yes, Junie could easily have made it alone, as Prissy had the first day, but Martha had the car, and Grandma would gladly tend baby Joey. Martha decided nothing would stop her from attending school this time.

As they alighted from the car Martha took Junie's hand in hers. But he squirmed for release as they walked up the cement sidewalk toward the schoolhouse. Junie was wearing brown cords like the other beginners, but in his red cowboy shirt he stood out like a delicious apple among them.

It was not until Miss Mason had assigned him his seat, and he had taken his place, and Martha was sitting with the doting parents in the rear of the room, that the tears started rolling down her cheeks. Martha felt a twinge of guilt, but she could not control her tears. She looked around at the other mothers who had come for the first day. Susan Shields looked downright happy about it. Probably she was thinking of the money she would save now when afternoon parties came along, and she wouldn't need to hire a sitter.

Martha looked at all the other mothers. Some were smothering luxurious laughter, which seemed to escape in short high peals in spite of themselves. She gave a sigh, which was half exasperation at herself. Why was it that she was the only mother who felt like crying? The others showed sparkling flashes of wit, but her vision was blurred.

Try as she would, Martha could not control the tears. Finally she arose from her chair, murmured an

xcuse to the other mothers about aving to get home to prepare nch. Miss Mason saw her and arted to speak, but Martha, her ision much clearer and her thinkng sharper, motioned that she just anted to slip out unnoticed by nie, and hurriedly left the room.

Outside the air was crystal clear nder the September sky, and Marha did some shopping at the mark-t, but her heart was not in it. She icked up baby Joey at Grandma's, nd hurried home to her ever waitng work . . . .

AND so it comes to now, Martha thought. It is all here to read xcept the final chapter. She knew ne must not go into the school toay, lest she be deluged with tears. he was glad she hadn't promised oey that she would visit his class. ater on, but not this first day.

Martha drove up to the school urb where the buses unloaded. Good luck in junior high, Prissy. ou look lovely in your new red laid, Becky. Remember your handerchief, Junie." And to Joey she aid, "You're a big boy, Joey, run nto your room, its the first one on he left inside the hall."

Martha wanted to sweep this litle fellow into her arms and tell im that she loved him, and that he would be thinking of him every ingle moment all day, but she nustn't bring on the tears, until he vas safely out of sight.

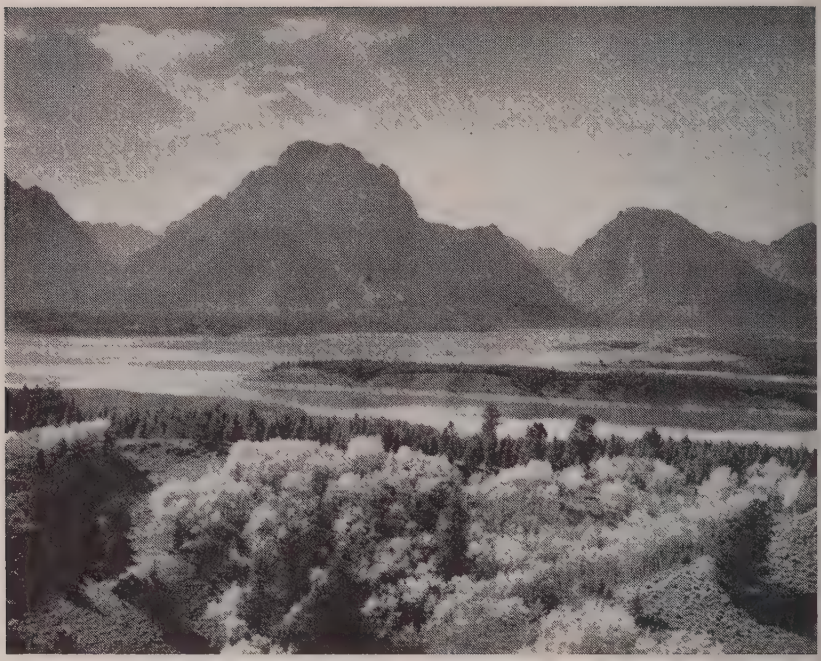
Martha watched Joey's straight little body, clothed in new levis and plaid shirt, cut across the lawn. A thrill coursed along her veins at sight of him. Joey was a wiggleworm, but he would be like a dry sponge absorbing every new idea at school. At the entrance of the school, Joey turned and waved, making a large arc with his little arm, and with the other hand he threw a tiny kiss that only a mother would recognize. Martha managed a smile and a little wave of her hanky in reply. Yes, Joey was little, but he could go it alone, as the others had.

Martha sat there in the car for a few minutes. A person shouldn't try to drive while her eyes were full of tears. When the deluge was over, she turned the car around and started homeward.

As she drove into the lane, the house looked the same, but you couldn't expect a house to know the heart had gone out of it. There would surely be a tense, heavy hush inside, with no children to make the rafters ring. She dreaded going inside.

Then Martha caught sight of the favorite apple tree. Every apple seemed to beckon to her. Suddenly, she felt an entirely new emotion. This was just the day to pick the apples. Tears, lots of tears would help to wash away the spray. Her tears would not be wasted while she picked and polished apples.

* * * * * *



Willard Luce

JACKSON LAKE AND MOUNT MORAN, WYOMING

Autumn in the Tetons

Willard Luce

THROUGHOUT the Intermountain Empire, autumn is color photography time. Much of the Empire is high country, cool, pleasant, and beautiful all summer. But it's autumn that puts the tang in the air and the golden shimmer to the foliage.

It's autumn that gives the Jackson Hole country, in northwestern Wyoming, its most colorful season.

This is high country, all of it. Autumn comes early and suddenly, like a main event with no preliminaries. Like a good main event, too, it puts on a good show. Splashes of gold and yellow and crimson dot the mountainsides. Rivers of gold and blue snake their way through the valleys and canyons. In the early dawn, owl hoots travel the party line back and forth. From across the valley a bull moose challenges the world.

Like a main event, too, it often ends with startling suddenness.

The Chamber of Commerce at Jackson will tell you that autumn

comes to the Grand Tetons around the eighteenth of September, and a week later to the Grand Canyon of the Snake River, south of Jackson. Last year it was two weeks late. A few years ago, some eastern photographers waited around for three weeks and never did catch it. So it is rather risky business trying to hit the Jackson Hole country at its colorful best, but it is worth it, if you do.

Throughout the Grand Canyon of the Snake River, there is color aplenty. United States Highway 89 and the Snake River try to outmanoeuver each other down through the Canyon. Towards the lower end, scrub maples make blends of crimson and green. High on the hills are the aspen, golden against the sky; and, down along the river, the willow trees are golden against the blue of the river.

This is Kodachrome country. Mornings are crisp. Steam comes up from the river like fog, and there is a nearness of winter in the air.

In Jackson, people move rapidly on a morning like this. They hurry along the streets with little puffs of breath punctuating their movements, their leisurely attitudes of the past summer forgotten.

Only a few miles north of Jackson you get your first real view of the Grand Teton range ramming its jagged edges up against the sky. But it's at Moose, where you once again reach the Snake River, that you get

Willard Luce

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE SNAKE RIVER, WYOMING

your first impact of autumn in the Tetons. Here the Grand Teton soars up above the river, above the valley, above the surrounding peaks, like some medieval king surveying his domain. Here, again, you get the sharp contrast of blue and gold —the blue of river and sky, the gold of the willow trees.

Farther up are the lakes, Jenny, String, and Jackson Lakes. This is higher country still, and the willows and the aspens and the evergreens grow side by side.

From Jackson Lake a dirt road curves its way up Signal Mountain. From the top, the world stretches out like a gigantic rug. To the south and east, the tree-lined Snake River makes its twisting, gold-bordered path down through the valley, blue against the gray of the sage and the purple haze of distance.

To the west, Jackson Lake makes blue ribbons among its many islands. Beyond the Lake, Mt. Moran rears up against the sky. Closer are the foothills of Signal Mountain, yellowish-orange with aspen. Then, to the north, golden flats stretch outward, finally giving way to the dark forest of evergreens.

Possibly the largest areas of intense autumn color in Grand Teton National Park are the huge willow flats north of Moran. Here miles of golden willows glow in the sun, backdropped in the west by the rugged range of the Tetons.

The Jackson Hole country has always been noted for its big game hunting; but the area offers no greater shooting than color photography in the autumn. And you can always bring back a trophy to hang on the wall!

Homeward Turning

Margery S. Stewart

When I come home again this year,
Oh, what shall I see first,
For all my heart's afire with love
And I am sick with thirst
That will not slaked be, until
My eyes have drunk of every hill—
Of every hill, of every street
That holds a moment of my life,
Of every house that welcomed me.
Homesickness is a burning knife
That will not leave the wound alone,
But cries remembrance in each bone.
Softly, softly I shall go,
My slippered feet upon the lawns,
And see that only I have changed;
There is no difference in the dawns,
No difference in the love I hold . . .
Save it grows deeper, growing old.

Harvest Festival

Nell Murbarger

WITH the arrival of the year's first seed catalog in January, we began planning our exhibit for the Harvest Festival the following autumn.

Mister Foster, who lived on the next quarter-section of land to the south, didn't go in for fairs and such tomfoolery, as he called it. He said there was enough trouble connected with homesteading without asking for any more. Possibly there were times when Father felt a little the same way. I don't know. But, at least, he never made any objection to our fair "fixin's"—not even during midsummer when haying, threshing, bugging potatoes, and hauling water seemed to place a demand on our every waking moment.

And now, at last, after all our months of plotting and planning, the big day was at hand!

The only room in town large enough for the exhibition was the Community Hall, over Allen's General Merchandise, and we had been warned that shortly after sunrise, on fair day, exhibitors would begin lining up before its door—each keenly intent on securing for himself a desirable exhibit space. With that same idea in mind, we had been out of bed by three o'clock that morning, and an hour later had found us with the chores done, breakfast eaten, the wagon loaded, and the horses clattering along the sixteen miles of road that led from our homestead into town.

It was barely eight o'clock when we arrived in town, but we were not a moment too early! Already, Allen's store was crowded from front to back with other homesteaders and their families from as far west as Ardmore, and Indians from as far east as Pine Ridge. Every spot of ground, normally vacant in that end of town, was filled with saddle horses and buckboards and lumber wagons; and the wagons, in turn, were filled with bawling calves and fat shoats, and yellow pumpkins and watermelon preserves.

After hours spent arranging and changing, and hunting hammers and tacks, and holding consultations, and registering entries, the last display was placed and polished to the owner's satisfaction, the last fluttery exhibitor was shooed from the room, and the judging committee went into action.

Although the general public was barred from the hall until after the judges had selected the prize-winning entries, a bevy of small fry managed to insinuate itself beneath the rope barrier at the door. Naturally, I was part of that bevy; my pigtails being, probably, about the second pair under the rope. Tagging expectantly at the judges' heels, I watched breathlessly and hopefully as blue ribbons were affixed to the longest ear of corn, the largest potato, the tallest wheat, the best booth.

Whenever the committee took time out for a two-to-one argument, I would stare wide-eyed over the room, and think that such elegance was almost beyond belief! The en-

tire hall had been decorated with twisted crepe-paper streamers of every color imaginable. Some of the booths were further festooned with American flags and bunting, and there was one booth trimmed in wild grapevines cut along Horsehead Creek where early frost had painted their leaves in brilliant crimson, almost like a new red hair ribbon!

ALTHOUGH I felt a trifle guilty and disloyal for even thinking of such a thing, I couldn't help wishing, *just a little bit*, that there was a creek on our homestead where grapevines would grow.

But, grapevines or not, I was still certain that no other booth in the entire hall was as grand as our booth! We had decorated it with tall stalks of Indian corn, and vines bearing moonlike pumpkins. Across the entire back of the booth were yellow sheaves of rye so tall the full-grained heads reached above Father's shoulder; and on a table centering the booth, were heaped platters of smooth-skinned white-rose potatoes, fat oxheart carrots, popcorn, and Australian brown onions, and beefsteak tomatoes . . . .

As soon as the judging had been completed, the public swarmed into the hall—spreading instantly to every corner of the room like water loosed from a dam!

Father and the other men folks spent most of the time around the grain exhibit, where they argued the merits of the new Turkey red wheat against the old stand-by, macaroni wheat. Like connoisseurs examining diamonds, they fingered bowls of bright, clean grain from which had been painstakingly removed every weed seed and defective kernel. They discussed rye, barley, spelt, and oats, milo maize and millet, the exhibitors of each new variety enthusiastically describing its yield and drought-resistant qualities.

Like most of the women and girls, I gravitated toward the homemakers' division where the walls were hung with hand-pieced quilts, braided and hooked rugs, knit sweaters, and crocheted doilies. There was a canning exhibit of jams and jellies and cold-packed vegetables, and a table of pies and cakes, and light bread. The women exchanged recipes, and told how their hens were laying, and wrote down directions for making buffalo-berry jelly, and lace edgings, and complexion cream from sheep's tallow. The once-a-year harvest festival served the homesteader's wife in lieu of women's clubs, and P.T.A., and sewing circles. Not for twelve months would there be another "visiting" opportunity like this, and, as though to make the most of the day, each woman talked fast and breathlessly . . . .

Out-of-town land speculators, intently watching developments in this new "west-of-the-river" region, were conducted through the display room by local boosters and farm agents who called attention to squashes as long as salt barrels, twenty-pound cabbages, and turnips thirty inches in circumference. Enthusiastically, they exhibited a jar of Hansen plums preserved whole, explaining that here was a new variety especially developed by Professor Hansen to withstand the intense cold of our Great Plains winters.

Right at that moment, it was difficult to think of winter and cold weather, for even inside the building where the pine-board floor was still damp from a vigorous scrubbing that morning, the thermometer registered nearly ninety degrees. Outside, there was not a leaf stirring, and the August sun pounded hot on the treeless, dusty street—now so alive with more hoofs and wheels than it had known—or would know again — for many a month.

Saddle horses fretted uneasily at the hitching rails, and stamped at flies. Cattle ranchers and cowboys, in "bat-wing" chaps and Stetsons, swaggered up and down the plank sidewalk, hailing friends and discussing the weather, range conditions, and the everlasting water shortage. A general air of festivity prevailed—festivity and truce. On this one day of the year, even the ranking feud between the cattlemen and the homesteaders seemed momentarily held in abeyance.

Elaborate preparations had been made for the afternoon entertainment at the fair grounds, where a dusty race track encircled eighty acres of prairie. From a weather-beaten grandstand, filled to capacity, three hundred persons cheered themselves hoarse as they watched the cow-pony races, the fat men's and three-legged races, the bronco-busting and bulldogging and calf roping, and the hilarious wagon race, "for Indian squaws only." For the afternoon finale there was a baseball game — married men versus single men.

With the arrival of early darkness, a huge bonfire of packing cases was kindled in the center of Main Street, and the setting was made ready for the Indian war dance. The performers — elaborately clad in beads and buckskin, and porcupine-quill vests, and austerity — had ridden into town by horseback and buckboard.

After the "pow-wow," the five-piece town band assembled on the flag-decorated platform, and, following a brief period of preliminary toots and moans, crashed into the opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." An hour later, the concert closed with a muted rendition of "Home, Sweet Home."

It was past midnight before the shadowy, welcome bulk of our home buildings came into view. With white frost sparkling on barn roof and fences, and a sliver of moon riding high, the tired horses were unhitched and watered by lantern light, and we turned thankfully toward home and bed.

In his arms Father carried his prize-winning sheaf of wheat, which he was planning already to enter in the forthcoming county fair at Buffalo Gap. In Mother's purse were two blue ribbons for "raised" biscuits and chokecherry butter, and a second award for dried limas.

Not even the lateness of the hour could keep our hearts from singing.

Let the Mister Fosters say what they would about the "tomfoolery" of the fair, but on this day the homesteader and his wife had proved to the world — and what was more important, to themselves — that they had been right in choosing as their home this virgin prairie. In the Harvest Festival their hopes had been revived, their faith in the land rededicated.

Bulbs for Spring Glory

Dorthea N. Newbold
Deseret News Garden Editor

IT is the privilege of mankind to live in a garden, for man's first home was in a garden. It is the privilege of each of us to create around us a setting—a garden—that will make life seem good.

We have much of nature to work with: the land and the seasons, the sun that gives life, the wind, the birds, and the great kingdom of plant life.

One of the miracles of the plant world, and there are many, is the firm brown bulb, planted in good soil during the fall months, which produces an exquisite flower in the springtime.

Of all the types of gardening, planting spring-flowering bulbs gives the greatest display for the least amount of work.

Bulbs need to be planted early in the fall months to allow plenty of time for the bulb to develop a good root system before the ground is frozen. Early planting insures larger blooms.

If you are anxious to extend the blooming season of your spring-flowering bulbs, select a site for some of your bulbs where there is some protection from full sunshine. Sun for half a day is better than full sun all day, and the morning sun is better than afternoon sun. Plant some of your bulbs in full sun, others in partial shade, some in a southern exposure, others to the north.

The location of bulb plantings is important. In the mixed borders, daffodils may be planted at the back of the borders. There they can display their beauty in early spring without competition from other flowers, yet they show to good advantage. Later on, the dying bulb foliage will be hidden from view by the rapidly growing plants that occupy the foreground.

Every gardener should realize that the size and number of blooms produced by each bulb, also the number of years that a bulb remains productive in the garden, depend upon how well the bulb is cared for after the bloom has gone.

Never, never cut off the foliage of the bulbs, if you expect them to bloom another year, and water the bulbs each time you water the other sections of your garden. Thorough watering will prolong the blooming time of tulips as much as a week.

Daffodils, glory-of-the-snow, scillain wood hyacinths—all may be planted close to shrubs. They will bloom before the leaves of the shrubs give any shade, yet the bulbs usually receive enough sunshine to mature their foliage.

Tulips, in most sections of our country, will need to be replaced every three or four years. Daffodils, if given proper care, should remain in your garden up to two decades.

The official harbinger of spring is the tiny, common snowdrop. The frosty white bells will glisten in snow as March begins, or even

Dorthea Newbold

HYACINTHS

Stately hyacinths keep pace with the garden walk in springtime, and waft their fragrance through the garden and the house.

PARROT TULIP

CHINODOXIAS
(Glory-of-the-Snow)

THALIA DAFFODIL

earlier, if the season is mild. The snowdrop prefers a semi-shaded location, and, if left undisturbed in a spot to its liking, it will flower profusely from year to year.

When the first warm days of spring arrive, the delightful silken petals of the tiny crocuses open to cheer winter-weary mankind. In vivid canary yellow, purple, violet, or in solid blue or striped with white, this bright flower is known and recognized by most everyone. It covers areas in the gardens for nearly a month regardless of the weather, for, if winter returns, it merely closes its petals and waits patiently for the next sunny day to open them again.

Another small charmer is the four-inch-tall Chinodoxia, or glory-of-the-snow. Its common name seems to suit it much better, for often, if it is grown in a protected area where the early spring sun can shine down on it, it will open its blue star-like blooms while there is still snow in other sections of the garden. It is at its best when planted informally and left to naturalize and increase at will.

The specie tulips bring March to a colorful close. These are the now domesticated wild tulips from which the better known garden tulips were originally bred. Almost ignored as garden subjects until recent years, the specie tulips are becoming more popular because of their early flowering, their unusually shaped, brilliantly colored flowers.

First of the specie tulips to open up are the Kaufmanniana, or water-lily tulip. Resembling water lilies in shape, the striped pointed flowers stand on stems that are less than a foot tall. There are two popular varieties — Gaiety and Vivaldi. Fosteriana is another specie tulip that opens its blooms about the same time as does Red Emperor—a much better known specie tulip.

USUALLY the very first days of April are filled with the fragrance of hyacinths. A most versatile flower, it can be planted in groups in indentations in the shrub border, in formal beds, or in the perennial border in friendly groupings.

The small grape hyacinth is available in shades from pure blue to white, and it is just as appealing as its larger cousin.

April finds the garden brilliant with daffodils. They keep coming in successive waves until the last of May, for there are several flowering types among the daffodils. Among the types there are countless varieties, each with its own period of bloom.

Daffodils are classified according to the length of their center part, called trumpet, when it is long; cup, when it is short; and the corona, when it is extremely short. Most daffodils have one flower to a stem, but some of the corona types have clusters of flowers. Daffodils are available in pure yellow, or yellow and white, others are a cream white or pink; some are orange. Others have almost scarlet centers or edges on the centers.

The words daffodil, narcissus, and jonquil, are all very often used incorrectly. "Narcissus" is the botanical term for the entire group, however, "daffodil" is the word most commonly used. Any kind of a narcissus may be called a daffodil —regardless of its color. One type may be correctly called jonquil — that is the type whose flowering stem is topped with two or more blossoms that are a deep yellow and extremely sweet scented. Foliage of the jonquil is round and rushlike. It is not flat like that of other members of the big family of narcissus.

The large trumpet-type daffodils are the first to bloom, with the cup varieties coming next, and the corona types coming last.

May is the month when tulips take over the garden. Cottage, Darwin, Breeder, Parrot tulips — available in every color in the rainbow. Dozens and dozens of varieties await your selection. You are limited only by the size of your garden and your budget.

Bulbous iris — English, Dutch, and Spanish — should not be forgotten. The bulbs thrive best if they are planted during September. Most varieties will thrive and become a permanent resident of your garden to provide excellent flowers for dining table arrangements for many seasons.

Reaper

Leone E. McCune

I never see a man, back bent
Above his hoe, or turning sod
Before the silver blade of plow,
But pulses quicken, and I see
My father's face uplifted heavenward
In humble supplication, pleading
That sun and rain be sent,
That wind be kind, that God
Might smile on modest efforts
Of his co-creator here below.
And as I watch a field of ripened grain
That falls in amber ripples as it is mowed,
I see again his tired face transformed with joy
Before the golden miracle of wheat.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

WOMEN IN CIVIC AFFAIRS: Woman herself must not cease her efforts in her own behalf, or in behalf of her own sex; because it must be apparent to all, that although women may be intellectually bright, vigorous and active, yet they lack the training and discipline men get from association, political and otherwise, which brings them in contact with each other, and the public at large. Women have occupied a much narrower sphere heretofore, and necessarily their views and opinions on questions of state . . . will require time to mature. And the real method of arriving at excellence . . . will be by practice.

—Editorial

HYGIENIC COOKERY: Fruit should compose a large part of our diet. Grapes, apples, peaches and a great many of our excellent fruits are more nutritious in their natural condition; they should be thoroughly matured but not over ripe . . . . Much of our fruit can be bottled fresh or dried for winter use . . . . Vegetables are also wholesome but should be cooked properly. They should be perfectly tender but not overdone. Steaming or baking is preferable for most vegetables, because their fine flavors are thus more easily retained and their food value suffers less diminution . . . .

—J. S. W.

A Love Song to a Wife

We have been lovers for forty years;
O, dear cheeks, faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love you tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love you well!

. . .

O, pale brow, shrined in soft, silvery hair;
Crowned with life's sorrow and lined with care,
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Those dear, dear records of faithful love . . . .

—Quiver

LADIES MEETING IN THE FOURTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY: Counselor E. J. Stevenson presiding . . . . Counselor Stevenson said, What a privilege to have remained in the courts on high to come forth in this day, when the Gospel of the Son of God has been restored in this momentous age . . . . we are surrounded by temptations, let us make the best of our opportunity, be as towers of strength round our children; live near to the Lord; teach by example; we should strive to overcome our weaknesses. One, today, another tomorrow. I wish young mothers would meet with us. I come to be fed and to gain strength . . . . We can learn many good things from books, but we learn more by listening to the experiences of others, who have passed through trials and borne them patiently . . . .

—Vilate R. Young, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

OVETA CULP HOBBY, second woman Cabinet Member in the Nation's history, resigned as of August 1, 1955. She was the first person to hold the portfolio of Health, Education, and Welfare. President Eisenhower accepted her resignation in an extraordinary public ceremony in the White House. Mrs. Hobby expressed "regret" and "a deep sense of sadness" at leaving the government service. President Eisenhower praised her for her wise counsel, calm confidence, her concern for people everywhere, and her warm heart, as well as for her talents. In World War II Mrs. Hobby served as head of the Women's Army Corps. She is retiring because of the illness of her husband, former Governor William P. Hobby of Texas.

MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS at thirty is one of the world's great sopranos. Born in New York, she went to live in Greece at thirteen, and was engaged by the La Scala Opera Company in Milan at twenty-three. After refusing many offers to sing in America, she finally made her debut in this country with the Chicago Opera Company last November and was a sensational success with both audiences and critics.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, one of the country's best photographers, has spent twenty-five years photographing for magazines. She has been shot at and risked her life many times. She has worked eight miles up in the air, two miles down in an African gold mine, out on the edge of a gargoyle on the roof of the Chrysler Building in New York, in the midst of the bloody struggle in the hills of Italy, in Russia, and in the May Day riots in Tokyo — altogether in forty-five countries.

DR. MARIA HAGEMEYER, of Bonn, West Germany, is the first woman judge ever to be appointed in Germany. She is a specialist in family law and was impressed during her recent visit to the United States with American laws relating to the family.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Matilda Peterson, Morgan, Utah, one hundred; Mrs. Flora K. Rich, Morgan, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Anna J. Larson, Logan, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Gunda Olsen, Morgan, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Annie Cooper, San Diego, California, ninety-three; Mrs. Amanda Browning, Blackfoot, Idaho, ninety-one; Mrs. Elizabeth Drown, Midvale, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 SEPTEMBER 1955 NO. 9

"Anxiously Engaged in a Good Cause"

"WHAT did he talk about?" "Oh, the same old thing he always talks about," was the answer. "I know what he is going to say almost before he says it."

Yet in spite of boredom, one of the very best ways to learn is by repetition. A great musician once gave his secret for memorization. He learned a piece once, and forgot it. He learned it a second time, and again forgot it. But he found that when he had learned it a third time, it became his own.

That night in 1820 when Moroni appeared to the boy Prophet, he delivered the Lord's message not once, or twice, but three times during the night; and the next morning he related it to him still a fourth time.

Sisters in the Church who have not given their allegiance to Relief Society may tire of hearing about it repeatedly. They may close their ears to the fact that for at least two reasons Relief Society is the greatest organization for women in the whole world. First, because it was founded under the inspiration of the Lord for the development and blessing of his daughters; and second, because it is guided and directed by the Priesthood of God.

But some day the great majority of Latter-day Saint women may become *convair-rted* to Relief Society, as did the dear old Scotch grandmother to the observance of the Word of Wisdom. When she was in her eighties, her family was astonished to hear her refuse tea, which she had drunk all her life. "But, Grandmother," one granddaughter exclaimed, "you have been taught the Word of Wisdom all your life. Why would you stop drinking tea now?" "Oh," she replied, "but I'm *convair-rted*."

Conversion to any truth and allegiance to it may take years in some people's lives, but sometime, with repetition, it may awaken an echo in the inner consciousness of an individual and win adherence.

The summer has passed, and Latter-day Saint women are again faced with the question as to how they will spend their available time outside their homes during the coming months. Some will seek study groups along lines of their particular interests. Others will spend their time in worthy community interests, while still others may fritter away much of their time in useless pursuits. Yet Relief Society has treasures of knowledge, of sustaining faith, and of humanitarian interests to fit the inclination of any Latter-day Saint sister who would find them. Relief Society contains cultural and spiritual values found in no other woman's organization, values which will set a woman far upon the road to eternal progression.

The Lord has instructed all his children:

Men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness. For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward (D. & C. 58:27-28).

There is no better cause in which women can be engaged outside their homes than Relief Society, for it accomplishes the work of the Church assigned to the women of the Church to perform. It develops a woman in better homemaking, greater knowledge, and more understanding. Her spirit is enlarged with the blessing of charity. She tastes of the sweetness and joy of service. She has the promise of the Prophet Joseph Smith that angels cannot be restrained from being her associates.

May other tens of thousands of capable, choice Latter-day Saint women become *convair-rted*, and partake of the everlasting blessings which are showered upon those who do the work of Relief Society.

—M. C. S.

The First Prayer Made in the Congress of the United States of America

Given September 5, 1774

O H Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of Kings and Lord of Lords who does from Thy throne behold all the dwellers on the earth and reignest supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, Empires and Governments, look down in mercy we beseech Thee, on these American States who have fled to Thee from the rod of the opposer and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent on Thee, they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee they look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone can give; take them therefore Heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field, defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, O let the voice of Thine own unerring justice sounding in their hearts constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of Wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish amongst the people. Preserve the health of their bodies and vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in the world and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come; all of this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Savior.

Amen

The above prayer was made by The Reverend Mr. Duche, an Episcopal Clergyman.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 28 and 29, 1955. A special feature of this conference is the holding, simultaneously, of individual departments on Thursday morning. Therefore, it is advisable that as many members of the stake boards as possible attend these sessions. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle, a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents ask their bishops to announce in the wards the general session of the conference on Thursday afternoon, September 29. The attendance at the meetings on Wednesday and on Thursday morning is limited to stake and mission officers.

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and ward should present to the president of the respective organizations, a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

Special Birthday

Part II

Olive W. Burt

Synopsis: Calvin Gregory has reached the age of sixty-five, and his wife, Myra, is worried over his adjustment to retirement from his regular work. The children and grandchildren celebrate his party, but most of the gifts are suitable for hobbies only, and Calvin feels that he is facing a future which holds little for him but old age and uninteresting, useless pursuits.

MYRA had not slept very long, after the excitement of Cal's birthday dinner, when she was suddenly awake. She lay there, looking at the patch of sky that she could see through the window. She knew it was still deep night, no sign of morning. She wondered what had brought her out of the depth of dreamless slumber.

In a moment she knew. It was Cal. He was turning restlessly in bed, unable to relax, to go to sleep.

"Cal?" she asked softly, "what is it?"

Suddenly, there in the night, Cal's defenses gave way. He put his arms around Myra; buried his face in her hair.

"I'm scared, Myra. Scared!"

She raised her hand and gently touched his cheek. "Why, Cal?"

"Oh, the years ahead—the long years and no daily work."

"You'll find lots to do, Cal. The garden—your workshop—your music, Church work. And we can travel—see Mexico and the places we've always wanted to see."

Cal was silent for several moments. Then he said slowly, "The garden and shop, Myra, and Church, you know they can't take up all my time. Not even with my music. I've put in an eight hour day, five—sometimes six—days a week all my married life. And I've still had time to keep up the garden, do all I wanted to in the shop, and perform my Church duties. And the organ playing—I've done that, too—I can't do those things for eight hours straight. And if I do, there'll still be the evenings . . . ."

"Well, there's travel—"

Cal's voice was desperate. "Myra, we might as well face it. We won't have money to do much traveling. Oh, we'll have social security, yes—about one-fourth what I've been earning. We'll find it difficult to keep up the house and live anywhere near as we have been living. I should have saved more, I know . . . ." his voice trailed off, hopeless.

Myra lay there beside him, thinking back. They had tried to save, but always something had come up. She remembered her own efforts. Years ago she had placed her goal at a modest hundred dollars. Oh, how she had scrimped and worked to save that money! And she had nearly reached her target when Hughie's tonsils had had to be removed. And complications had set in, and the entire little sum had been used up before the child was well again.

Myra hadn't hesitated, of course,

when Hughie's welfare was at stake. She had just been grateful that the money was there to use for the boy.

Cheerfully she had set to work again to save her hundred dollars. And after months of watching every penny, she had reached her goal and started on the second hundred. And then a terrific windstorm had come. One of the old, big trees had blown down, smashing the porch and a corner of the roof. Repairs had had to be made, and Cal's earnings at that time had not permitted him to save for emergencies. So Myra's little fund had come out a second time, and the house had been fixed up.

And so it had been, time after time. Of course, of late years they had managed to save some, but never as much as they had planned. They had rather thought that when the children were educated and married, they could put away a large part of Cal's salary. But it hadn't worked out like that. If one of Hugh's children, or Carol's, needed something badly—like the time Elspeth had rheumatic fever and required hospitalization and a long period of special care—Myra and Cal had come to the aid of their harassed young parents, only thankful that they were able to help. But the savings had never amounted to enough to make them secure.

Myra ran her hand gently across Cal's forehead, erasing the frown beneath her fingertips.

"We've done the best we could, Cal. And somehow we've managed to meet every crisis. As we'll meet this one."

Cal sighed heavily. "The crises, yes. We've met those. But the extra things we've planned — the travel you spoke of. Myra, how many times have we thought we could go to Mexico, see the pyramids and the Aztec and Mayan ruins? It's been our dream for years, and now—now there just won't be the money for it. We might as well admit it, we'll have lived and died without doing the one thing we most wanted to do."

"Not most wanted, Cal. What we wanted most was to have a family, and we've done that. Nothing else really matters. Anyway, I'm not afraid. Nothing in the past makes me afraid now. It just increases my confidence . . . ."

Cal's arms tightened about her. "Your confidence, darling! I have another name for it—*faith*. It's been your steadfast faith that has helped us and encouraged me over every rough spot. I guess faith is better than money in the bank," his voice trailed off.

Myra lay still, listening to Cal's breathing grow more quiet and regular. She wanted to pray. She knew she could pray lying in bed, but that never seemed quite right to Myra. As long as she could move freely, it seemed to her that it was always proper to kneel when speaking to the Lord. Particularly when asking for help.

When, at last, Cal's deep breathing showed that he was sound asleep, Myra slipped from his arms and knelt beside the bed. Bowing her head, she began to pray.

. . . . . .

CAL came down to breakfast next morning looking refreshed and relaxed. He found the table already

set, with a bowl of nasturtiums in the center and tall glasses of orange juice repeating the gay, sunshiny color. Myra, in her prettiest brunch coat, was bustling about, and the odor of frying bacon and hot buttered toast was inviting.

Cal sat down leisurely, glancing at the clock.

"No need to hurry," he said cheerfully, "I've got the whole day."

"That's what you think, Mr. Gregory," Myra answered energetically. "But I know better. Jim Grayson's coming at nine o'clock and the car has to be serviced . . . ."

"Whoa, there!" Cal cried. "Back up a bit, Lady. What do you mean?"

Myra grinned and sat down beside her husband. "Last night you were saying that we'd live and die without doing the things we want to do. That trip to Mexico, particularly. Well, after you went to sleep I decided that was plain silly. We're going to Mexico. I thought we'd start Monday," she finished calmly.

Cal stared at her. "Are you mad, Myra? Don't you realize, even after our talk last night, that we're not going to have money to spend for travel and such things? Social security just won't . . . ."

Myra put her hand firmly over Cal's lips. "Now you listen to me, Calvin Gregory. We are going to Mexico. I have saved up some money—enough for that trip."

Cal groaned. "Your savings again! I seem to remember that you've rechanneled that fund several times in the past."

"I have," Myra admitted with unconcern. "And every time I rechanneled it, as you call it, I've been mighty happy over the results. I've just been glad! Glad that I had it. And I'm glad now."

Cal started to shake his head, but Myra went on firmly, "I consider this an emergency as much as any we've ever faced. I'm telling you, Cal, I am not going to live and die—if I can help it—before I've seen those pyramids and ruins. So I figured we'd start Monday."

"But why the rush?"

"There are a number of reasons. The main one is this."

She laid a magazine clipping in front of Cal. He read it, and looked up, a frown of incomprehension between his eyes.

"What does this have to do with us, Myra?"

MYRA smiled. "You haven't forgotten how to read just because you've had a very special birthday? That clipping tells about an old book auction in San Diego next week. I want to go to it on our way to Mexico. I thought we could go down that new West Coast highway."

Cal shook his head. "Old books are another extravagance we can't afford now, Myra. I hate to be a wet blanket, but, really! Old books and a trip to Mexico! Say!" he looked suddenly alert. "You haven't made some money by an investment?"

"My savings are too precious to risk on anything," Myra denied. "No, but I have enough money for what I want to do. I want to buy some old books—and some Mexican glass, and maybe some pottery. But look, Cal, you can't sit there talk-

ing all day. As I told you—Jim Grayson's coming at nine." She looked worriedly at the clock.

"That's another thing. Jim Grayson. What's he coming for?"

"To discuss the plans for the shop."

Cal grabbed his hair. "I'm going around in circles. What shop?"

"This one. I got up early and drew a rough sketch of it."

She laid a sheet of paper in front of her husband. He looked at it and saw that it must be a sketch of some sort of room. He picked it up to study it more closely.

"It's going to be our antique shop," Myra condescended to explain. "I am not going to have a higgledy-piggledy mess like some of those shops. I thought we could have a rather quaint little building—there in front, close to the street. In the front, I'd have my part. Colored glass and maybe pottery on this side, and old books on the opposite shelves. We're going to specialize, Cal. I'm sure we'll make more that way."

She pointed to lines on the sketch. "This is a room divider—very original. It is made up of little pigeon holes, just large enough to hold four player piano rolls. Back of that you'll have your part of the shop, where you restore old melodeons and organs and pianos. There's no one in town does just that sort of work, Cal. And I read someplace that player pianos are coming back into style . . . ."

Cal was examining the paper with sudden, alert interest. Finally he looked up, his eyes shining with eagerness. "It's a wonderful idea, Myra. Completely crazy, of course, but challenging. If we can only swing it! Those piano rolls, now. Hebe Nelson told me the other day he had two big boxes full he'd give me if I'd just cart them away. And I know where I can pick up an old church organ for a song . . . .

"See!" Myra exclaimed triumphantly. "You know it will work. You've probably been thinking of something like this down deep in your heart."

Cal put his arms about her. "Maybe I have, darling. Only I didn't know it. I just sort of wished—"

"Well, we'll make your wish come true. Now, I don't want to tell anyone. The children have set their hearts on your having a long, long rest."

They looked at each other, and suddenly they began to laugh.

"There's no rest where you're concerned, my darling," Cal said. "I had a hunch that you weren't going to let me take advantage of my years."

"I'll say I won't. I'm not going to be married to an old man—not for a good many years yet. But we'll have to tell them something, because Jim will be working on the shop while we're gone and the children will want to know what he's doing."

Cal grinned. "He can be constructing my workshop for me. They'll think I'm crazy, putting it out in front. But an old man can be a bit eccentric, can't he?"

He paused a moment. Then asked, "Why don't we wait till we get back and let me build it? We'd save a lot of money."

"I don't want you to get the rep-

utation of being a jack-of-all-trades. I want you to be a specialist—so you can charge specialist prices," she added impishly. "You really have special talent with old musical instruments, Cal. I don't want you to waste it on building shops."

There was a knock at the door. Cal looked at Myra.

"That's Jim," she said. "He's right on time."

"Let him wait a minute," Cal answered, standing up. He took Myra into his arms.

"Myra, my darling," he whispered against her hair. "Do you know what you've just done? You've turned a barren, desert prospect into a sparkling invitation to adventure. How can I thank you?"

Myra's lips answered his kiss and then she said softly, "You did that for me forty years ago, Cal. When you married me. I'd be a poor sort not to return the favor."

Jim Grayson rapped again, loudly. Myra slipped from Cal's arms and went to open the door. Jim looked at her in surprise. She was as radiantly shining as a young bride.

Autumn Pilgrim

Beatrice A. DiEnes

She walks with morning up the path
That takes her where the wild plums grow.
The sunlight glinting on her pail
Traces steps the years made slow.
Since first she journeyed on this hill,
A bride who sought a fruited tree,
She makes an autumn pilgrimage
Where plums grow wild, where plums grow free.

Morning, embrace this gentle one
Who steps upon your silvered grass.
Fold back your tangled brier weed
To let a pail and woman pass.

For she is old, who seeks the fruit
To offer him, much older still
Than all the autumns she has walked
When smoke-plums ripen on a hill.
She has not always come alone
With one bright bucket at her side,
Small sons have also turned this way
Knowing where the wild plums hide.

Bend low, old tree, within her reach.
Share your harvest, sweet and red,
As long as there may be a need
Of jelly for an old man's bread.

There's a Poultry Dish for Every Occasion

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
Utah State Agricultural College

POULTRY is traditionally a family food. One of the first things a baby may be given to chew on is a "drumstick." One of the most appetizing and most easily digested foods for the aged or physically ill is chicken broth.

One needn't ever tire of poultry, for there are practically as many different ways to prepare it as there are days in the year. Here are just a few suggestions to start your imagination working on new and interesting ways to prepare this family favorite food.

Fricasseed Fowl With Dumplings

Disjoint a fowl into pieces for serving and place them in a kettle. Cover with lightly salted water, cover the kettle, and cook the fowl until tender. Simmer; do not boil. Allow 3 to 4 hours. When done, remove from the broth and keep hot in a warm, covered dish.

There should be from 3 to 4 cups of broth in the kettle. Skim off the fat and measure the broth. For each cup of skimmed broth mix 1½ to 2 tablespoons of the fat with an equal quantity of flour. Stirring constantly, pour the mixture into the broth in the kettle. Cook the gravy until it is slightly thickened. Season to taste. The gravy is now ready for cooking the dumplings.

Dumplings

Sift ¾ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, and ½ teaspoon salt together. Beat 1 egg, add ⅓ cup milk and mix with the dry ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling chicken gravy, cover tightly, and cook for 15 minutes. The cover must not be removed while the dumplings are cooking, for if the steam escapes they will not be light. Serve at once with the piping hot chicken.

Chicken Casserole

This is an ideal main dish, if you are one who likes to have family or friends enjoy dinner with you and yet have a restful day.

4-pound chicken, cooked and diced
1 cup cooked brown rice
4 well-beaten eggs
3 cups chicken stock
2 cups soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup pimento
¼ cup or 4 tablespoons melted butter

Cook the chicken and rice a day or two before you plan to use them. Bread may also be crumbed early if kept in a covered dish in the refrigerator. Remove crusts or cut them into very small pieces.

When you are ready to make your chicken casserole, heat 3 cups of the stock in which the chicken was cooked and pour it over the bread. Beat the mixture until it is smooth. Add seasonings and eggs and mix thoroughly. Fold in the rice and diced chicken. Bake for about 45 minutes or until the mixture sets, in a moderate (350°F) oven.

Sauce

Just before you are ready to serve your dinner make a sauce of the following:

¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
¼ cup cream or canned milk
1 cup mushrooms
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
2 cups of chicken stock
2 beaten egg yolks or 1 whole egg

Add the egg after the sauce is thickened and just before it is to be served. First add a few spoonfuls of hot sauce to the egg, stirring well, then, continuing to stir, add to the sauce. Cook no more than one minute. Serve with the casserole.

Bread Dressing

While bread dressing is served with many different kinds and cuts of meat, it just naturally seems to go with poultry. Each makes the other better when tastefully prepared. Preferably use bread that is 2 or 3 days old. Cut or break it into fine, even size pieces. For every pound of bird you will want to use about 1 cup of crumbs. Ordinarily a pound loaf of bread 2 or 3 days old makes about 4 cups or 1 quart of light, fluffy crumbs.

½ cup butter or other fat
1 pint chopped celery
½ cup chopped parsley
1 small onion chopped
2 to 2½ quarts bread crumbs
1 to 2 teaspoons savory seasoning
1 to 2 teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste
1 to 1½ cups broth, milk, or water
2 well beaten eggs (optional)

In the melted fat cook the celery, parsley, and onion over low heat, until onion is soft but not browned. In the meantime mix the dry seasonings with the crumbs. Add vegetable-fat mixture to crumbs and blend. Pour the liquid gradually over the surface stirring lightly. The exact amount added will depend on whether you want a dryish or moist-light dressing. Two well beaten eggs added along with the other liquids help to make a light dressing. Add more seasoning if desired. Pack lightly into the body cavity just before placing the bird in the oven.

Pulse of Peace

Dorothy J. Roberts

The sun sets on the low, linked hills of plush,
Rich as the pile on a maharajah's vest,
For the shimmering, chartreuse vistas now are lush
From autumn rain. Limp shadows trail the crest
Of every rise, like heavy banners of furled
Noon sky. Below, green plumes of the valley trees
Are washed in softly fading gold and purled
With chimney shafts grown amber in the lees
Of light. Above, the clean glass of the sky
Mounts from sinuate horizons racing by,
Beryl-pale. The dappled streets turn gray.
How sure, slow, and peaceful, the pulse of light
Throbbing its arteried way, now day, now night.

Hermanas

Chapter 3

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: The story "Hermanas" (sisters) is narrated by an American woman living temporarily in Mexico. Lolita, a Mexican woman, visits the American Senora and asks for employment for herself and her daughter Graciela, who is almost eighteen, a beautiful girl, well educated, and deserving the opportunity of living in a good home, which Lolita, now a widow, cannot give her. After some hesitation, the American Senora agrees to help Graciela with her education and in finding employment. Lolita and Graciela go with the Senora to the L. D. S. Church, and Graciela is introduced to Jim Flores, studying to be a doctor.

JIM and Graciela might have stood there forever in the intense sunlight, I do not know. Just then John signalled me he was ready. I saw Lolita with the twins already in the car. I did the obvious thing.

"Dr. Flores, won't you come home with us this afternoon? It is Amporo's day off, and we do not serve a Sunday dinner, as such, but we'll be glad to have you join us." I linked my arm with Graciela's. "Graciela is with us for the afternoon."

"You are a saving angel," he said to me, his eyes on the girl. "This is one of my rare free Sundays. I was going to spend a lonely afternoon sightseeing."

I have never underrated coincidence. Had it been the Sunday before or the Sunday after, they might never have met.

In the corridor we parted company with Lolita, who had barely time to serve her meal. In our wing of the house, Graciela helped me with lunch, a simple one of *queso colonia*, that desirable cheese from our colonies in Chihuahua, and Mexican ambrosia, my own term for a heavenly concoction of tropical fruits: papaya, fresh pineapple, oranges, limes, and the exotic, golden mango. These, with the whole-wheat rolls I bought on Avenida Madero, and avocados and tomatoes, were our fare.

"I could do battle with the people who disparage Mexican food," Jim said, resting contentedly in his chair.

"You forget the American assembly line," said my husband dryly from the head of the table.

Not once were Jim and Graciela alone that afternoon. Such liberty was unknown to her; yet before the afternoon was gone they knew each other as only lovers can. It gave them pleasure to speak of their childhoods in Mexico.

"I can still remember," I heard Jim say as I put away the dishes while he and Graciela washed them under the cold water tap, "when I was six years old, I was walking with mother early in the evening and I jumped over a pool of water left by the rain. As I jumped a gate opened in the wall and I could see honeysuckle and roses in the garden. I'll never forget how sweet they smelled after the rain. There was a tiled stairway that led to a beau-

tifully carved door. I used to think of that garden and the scent, years after we went back to the United States. I think everyone was kind to Mother, and she tried to be happy, but she couldn't put Mexico out of her heart. Dad used to tell her that California was just like Mexico, only better, but she never forgot. She used to put me to sleep telling me stories of the village she had lived in when she was a little girl. I must have known even then that I was coming back."

He scrubbed a plate hard with Amporo's sponge-like dishcloth, holding the plate aloft to inspect it. "She died before I was grown. My first year in college Dad and I came here for a vacation. I didn't tell Dad, but I knew I was coming back."

"Why did you choose this time?" Her soft brown eyes adored him as she wiped a plate that had long been dry.

"Oh, I've always intended to be a doctor. When we came back I kept seeing those brown babies with skinny legs and swollen stomachs, wrapped in *rebozas*. I'd think of the ones with the runny eyes, the crippled legs, and the sad faces . . . ."

"I know it, too," she broke in, her voice sad for all neglected and malnourished children. "In the villages where the boys' faces look as if they were forever done with hope, and the girls, their eyes so big, they seem to say, 'I know all the sorrow of the world, but something good is awaiting me.' I have felt that. Did you feel the same way?"

"Why, that's exactly the way I felt when we used to stop our car in the dusty road and the children would crowd close to us, so silent I felt they were reproaching me for something. I've never been able to put it in words before." His eyes were warm with admiration.

Quickly Graciela stacked the plates for me. "You were saying, Jaime, about the children." She called him that for the first time.

"It sounds sort of presumptuous, but I thought that someday I'd do something for them. I guess that started me on the research that eventually brought me here." He leaned against the sink, his face serious. "I have this chance at research. It means it will take me two years to finish instead of one, and then I want to take two years interning. When I get through I'm not going to bemoan the fact that I have to serve my apprenticeship in a remote village. It's where I want to be. Living so cheaply here I'll be able to start out with my own laboratory." He washed another plate, a faraway look in his eyes.

"THIS morning when you talked to the Senora I could not understand, why did you come . . . now?" Graciela's emphasis on the word was no more than the touch of a rose petal.

He was polishing the sink vigorously. "The war, I suppose. I wanted to get in, like any other man, but this foot," he held up the right one clad in Scotch grain, "I had an accident when I was a kid. It's bothered me a little from time to time, nothing serious, and I didn't think it would keep me out, but it did."

Reflecting for a moment, he said, "When Dad died a year ago, he left me a sum, not much, but enough for me to give in to my dream. I'd heard of the research they were doing here, and I got busy with letters and references, and here I am. Now that's my life story." With a flourish of his wrist he tossed a plate into the air. "It's your turn. Why are you back in Mexico at this particular moment?"

THE shadow of a blush darkened her face. They had moved to the dining room, where she was folding the tablecloth. The afternoon sunlight, hot and strong, filtered through the leaded panes of the Gothic windows. I waited in the doorway. Would she tell him why, thus revealing her story, or would she satisfy him with a smile and a shrug of her slender shoulders? I had yet to know her character well.

"It's a long story, Jaime." Her face brightened and she looked at me. "Could we all go into the patio where there is shade and a breeze?"

John and I checked on the children, now asleep, and followed the couple into the front patio with the fountain. There she told Jim much the same story Lolita had told me, ending with, "I am to become a woman independent and unafraid, and my dear friend," her small hand was warm on my arm, "is helping me to find the way."

Within the week Graciela enrolled at the secretarial school. She wasted no time, even working at her shorthand on the plunging orange bus from San Angel. Six days of the week she spent two hours with Marita and Judy. I augmented her lessons with dictation in English.

Jim's free hours from the hospital and study miraculously coincided with Graciela's afternoons with us. In Mexico, summer is the heavy school season, classes are held at night; so the two had few carefree hours. Not once were they entirely alone. The living room, all glass doors and windows, was never safe from the sharp eyes of the de Vargas servants who passed through the corridors on their errands. Amporo was ceaselessly back and forth on her way to answer the telephone or to rush to the garden gate to admit callers.

Sometimes Graciela coached Jim for his tests. In turn, he gave her dictation and answered her questions about all things Mormon. He was a third generation Latter-day Saint; his grandparents, paternal side, had been converted on their California ranch by a Utah missionary in the eighties.

On the rare occasions when Graciela had time for mere talk, she mended our clothes so expertly that I have ever since been in ill repute as a mender. A few times they took the children to Lindberg Park, strolling along, each holding the hand of a four-year-old girl with light brown curls.

It was our agreement with a reluctant Lolita, that she was to use the telephone booth on the street each evening and phone me if Graciela was not home at the appointed hour. This gave the girl her first taste of independence and some pleasant evenings with us when Jim was free. The two of

them would play chess or accompany us to an American movie. A few times the four of us rode through Chapultepec Park after the day's rain was over.

Of this I am sure, Lolita knew each time that Jim came. We seldom saw her, for her hours as nursemaid and her duties at home filled her days. There was another Sunday when we were able to take her to Church. When Jim could, he managed free Sundays and took them to Church on the busses, long, tiring rides that occupied a good part of the day.

In spite of her busy days, Graciela's thin frame filled out a little, and her face radiated love. It was another storybook summer for me, just to watch her as the days passed in swift succession. There were the fair, cool mornings, the afternoon deluges, and the young lovers looking as if life would go on forever, smooth and full of hope with no day of reckoning.

THEN came a day in early August. The rain had come in midmorning, leaving everything freshly washed and sparkling. Even the palaces on Avenida Madero, old these many centuries, had some of the fresh splendor of their beginnings.

Such a little thing had brought us to the Avenida. John had come home early with the unexpected bonus of a free afternoon. Work at the Stadium had been stopped by one of the unexplicable orders from the government.

"Let's have dinner in town." He was poised for a rush up the stairs and a freshening shower. "I haven't taken you anywhere in weeks."

Happily I dressed, pausing only long enough to leave orders with Amporo for the children's dinner. We hailed a *libre* on Insurgentes and were deposited near one of the city's most elegant restaurants.

"If we order creamed raviolas and no dessert, we can afford it," I whispered, as we stood indecisive on the narrow sidewalk of Madero.

Then we saw Graciela walking towards us with two girls from the secretarial school. Like the other two, her blue-black hair was rolled in a pompadour on top and coiled in a figure eight at her neck. In her light jacket and dark skirt she was as like the other girls as if they had been together all their lives. When Graciela saw us, she gave a little shout of joy and rushed towards us.

"We are going to Sanborn's for lunch." Graciela hugged my arm.

"It is so exciting," chirped one of the girls. "We want to see the American senoritas, the summer school students. They crowd there each meal."

"My mother," warbled the dark-eyed senorita on the other side, "says Sanborn's is like a garden now with the girls so golden haired in their summer dresses."

"I am lucky, no? I found money hidden in my purse," Graciela whispered. "On this day I will be extravagant, for I have never been inside the tile palace."

"We're celebrating for no reason at all," I said, my spirits as high as hers. "Why don't you ask the girls to excuse you and come with us. We'll take you to Sanborn's another time."

If I had only kept still and let

the girl go with her friends! We were no more than seated in the deep-cushioned chairs, though too near the kitchen door, I must confess, when our second coincidence came. It was one that shattered the calm of the summer days and changed the lives of the two young people who met under my roof. In the days to come I was to deplore bitterly my invitation of that day.

A waiter had just brought us a set of the glossy menus, when a party of men entered, exuding vitality and wealth. They were impeccably tailored and walked with gay confidence towards a private dining room. One of them, a tall, heavy-set man with graying hair and large features, saw us and came to our table, his hands outstretched in warm greeting.

"Senora," he said, bowing over my hand, "it is I who have been the loser. Now that we have at last met, you must be my guests at dinner."

Miguel Munoz was a very rich man, indeed a powerful man, and he had been kind to my husband his first days in Mexico. The Senor, old enough to have fought in the Revolution, was young enough to enjoy his power and wealth. While he came from the middle classes he had married, like so many of his kind, a wife from the upper classes. She had died when their first child, a daughter, was born. His household was since ruled by his mother-in-law, the Senora Valades. Little as I knew about the intimate life of the capital, I had heard stories of Senor Munoz's friendships with actresses and dancers. Until this moment I had not met him.

Within a few minutes the four of us were seated at a larger table, far from the clatter of dishes. Three waiters hovered over us and a bus boy with a large pitcher of ice water. The Senor was profuse in his apologies. The rest of the summer, he assured me, would be spent in making amends. As he spoke, his eyes lingered briefly on the wide-eyed Graciela.

Nothing but the specialties of the house were ordered, and a few known only to Senor Munoz and the head waiter. Under the Senor's charm we relaxed, our tongues grew witty.

"You have been to my summer home in Cuernavaca, no? Of course you have not, all because of our lazy Mexican way of tomorrow." We were lingering over the crepe suzettes. "You, Senorita," he turned his thick-lidded eyes on Graciela, "would you like to come also?" His eyes held hers, waiting for an answer.

Graciela was confused. Would the Senor extend the invitation, if he knew the whole truth? In all propriety he would not. She lowered her eyes, her dark lashes casting a shadow on her creamy cheek. After a demure pause she raised her eyes to me, asking help. I smiled. "Of course you want to see the Senor's house. Cuernavaca is a lovely place."

"Then it's settled." The Senor put his fork down decisively. "You are all to come Saturday."

We assured him that Saturday was just right — if we could come after John had finished his work.

"It is a pity you cannot come earlier, mornings are the best. One of my chauffeurs will call for you. You are to enjoy our scenery, not spoil the day by having to glue your eyes to the road."

Outside, his chauffeur-driven car was waiting. "Today, I take a little respite from business," he said. "We take a drive somewhere, any place you desire, then I shall take you home and wait for Saturday." To John he said, "Sit in front and relax while someone else pilots you through our crazy traffic. I will sit with the ladies."

We drove to San Juan Teotihuacan, city of the ancient gods. To me Mexico City is a city of mystery, where the past walks with the present, sometimes overshadowing it. In the streets I see the sandalled feet of the Aztec, treading on the bloodstains of the conquerors. And a flash of light that might have been the plumage of the emperor's headdress.

Nowhere, to me, does the past press so hard upon the present as at Teotihuacan. Our ride was through a green valley, accented with maguey. We came first to the giant pyramid of the sun. Behind us, rising high through an opening in the clouds, was the white summit of Popocatepetl, floating in mist. We watched the clouds swirl and cover the snowy peak, then we turned and began our steep climb, all of us quiet before the mystery of the pyramid.

A third of the way up the first raindrops fell. At Senor Munoz's suggestion we retraced our steps and ran to the waiting car, just in time to escape the deluge. It was intimate inside the luxurious car, safe from the storm. The green fields were blacked out by the rain, our world was a private one of soft, sheltered seats. Senor Munoz was reminded of the rain in Paris, and Graciela told him of a time when she had been a child in Paris, coming from school, frightened by the rain. Lulled by the steady rhythm of the rain and smooth hum of the tires, I half dozed, aware of what the two were saying, but having no part in it.

(To be continued)

Hermit Thrush

Ethel Jacobson

I have heard the hermit thrush
Singing to herself,
Singing to herself in a deodar—
Unseen, solitary,
Hidden in the shadows,
Singing to herself and the evening star.

I have heard the hermit thrush
Singing to herself,
Singing to herself so rapturously
Through all the gathering dark,
Through doubt and through despair—
Singing to herself, and the star, and me!

Hal Rumel

TABLE DRAMATIZING THE THEME
"LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL"

A Table Decoration for Social Science Day

Inez R. Allen

DURING the past two years, the social science lessons dealing with the Constitution of the United States have been a great source of information. How blessed we are to be able to live in a country which supports such a wonderful charter of freedom.

We have learned that the Constitution belongs to every citizen of the United States, and that each individual must be mindful of the responsibilities and obligations of citizenship.

During the past year we have tried to correlate our flower arrangements with some phase of the lesson. In the above picture the idea of "Liberty and Justice for All" was dramatized. The scales portrayed the balance and justice that the Constitution affords each individual.

The doll portrayed the Goddess of Liberty, bearing the torch of freedom. One side of the scales held red tulips, while the other was balanced with blue iris and cornflowers. Snowballs and lilies of the valley were banked around the base as a symbol of purity.

It is not necessary to have such a set of scales. A very simple set might be made, or perhaps a larger image could hold a small set of scales in her hand with the flowers arranged to suit the situation.

Many similar arrangements might be made and used for any social science lesson given on the Constitution of the United States.

Lilly Bell Hinckley Makes Unusual Quilt Designs and Many Crocheted and Appliqued Articles

LILLY Bell Hinckley, formerly of Rexburg, Idaho, now living in Salt Lake City, recently completed a very unusual quilt in the "Forty-Eight States" pattern. The quilt combines geography, natural history, and exquisite handwork. Flowers and birds of the forty-eight states are represented in natural colors. Also, she has recently made a lovely crocheted tablecloth for a large table. Other items of her handwork include pillow cases, doilies, many yards of knitted and crocheted lace, and much fine embroidery in white and in colors.

Eighty-two years old, Mrs. Hinckley has been a widow for several years, but before her husband's death they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mother of ten children, grandmother of thirty-two, and great-grandmother to thirteen, Mrs. Hinckley has found time for many hobbies and for much Church work. She particularly loves genealogical research and temple work. Still devoted to Relief Society, she attends meetings and helps with quilting.

The Gathering Hour

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Now is the hour, too soon for stars,
But not too soon for peace,
When the cows stand ready at pasture bars
Awaiting night's release;
The gathering hour when hunger calls
And love is understood,
When hearts are lifted as evening falls
And we know that life is good.

Selected Data—Annual Report 1954

THE activities and achievements of Relief Society for 1954, its 112th year, are reflected in this annual report. That Relief Society continues to play a significant part in the lives of increasing numbers of women throughout the world is indicated in the reports of 216 stakes and 42 missions included in this compilation. Steady progress was shown in most phases of the program. The narrative sections revealed a wide variety of interesting and inspiring activities.

Relief Society welcomed 8,206 new members into its ranks during 1954, bringing the total membership to 156,300, a commendable, steady growth. However, our goal — every Latter-day Saint woman a member of Relief Society — should continue to receive special attention. During 1954, opportunity for development through participation in leadership activities was given to 97,198 women, an increase of 6,311 over 1953.

Even though the total average attendance at regular meetings showed a slight decrease (.15%), it increased substantially in the stakes. The decrease reflected in the missions was due to a changed condition in a foreign mission. Theology and testimony meetings continued to have the largest attendance, followed, in order, by work meeting, which showed the greatest increase, literature, and social science. We commend all those who through varied homemaking activities stimulated added interest and enthusiasm in work meeting.

Visiting teacher meetings decreased 166 from 1953. This decrease was due to a clarification of policy that recognized only eight scheduled meetings each year, as the reports for the four summer months are regarded as part of the work meeting for those months. The total average attendance was 51.48% (50.38% in 1953), a gratifying increase. The stakes increased to 50.57% (48.92% in 1953); indicating that they are continuing to expand this vital activity. However, in the missions there was a decrease from 62.8% in 1953 to 59.68%, also due to a changed condition in a foreign mission.

The increase of 202,153 visits by 4,037 more visiting teachers in 2,061 more districts brought the number of visits by visiting teachers to Latter-day Saint families to 8.27 from 8.01 in 1953. This increase indicates gradual advancement toward our goal of 12 annual visits to each family

For the first time the Singing Mothers choruses were included in the annual report which showed there were 1,777 choruses in wards and branches, with approximately 27,280 singers — a notable and encouraging growth throughout the Church of this distinctive and deeply satisfying activity.

Compassionate service continued to hold its important place in Relief Society as indicated by 17,651 more visits to the sick and homebound; and 1,761 more days care of the sick over 1953. The narrative sections of the report revealed an increasing solicitude, based on individual needs, for the well-being of members and neighbors through innumerable and varied types of compassionate service. Such service reaffirms Relief Society's awareness of its continuing responsibility to fulfill the grand key words of the society as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith: "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.' "

To all who contributed to the progress of Relief Society during 1954, the general board extends sincere thanks. Through tireless and devoted service, stake and mission workers alike have contributed to the betterment and enrichment of human life. The world is in great need of such unselfish service, and with the loyal support of its members, Relief Society will continue to bring its benefits and blessings to ever increasing numbers of women throughout the world.

Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERSHIP — 1954

318,690 L.D.S. Families + 15,186 over 1953
156,300 R.S. Members + 8,206 over 1953
or 49.04% of potential membership

In Stakes

264,582 L.D.S. Families + 12,807 over 1953
127,062 R.S. Members + 7,447 over 1953
or 48.02% of potential membership

In Missions

54,108 L.D.S. Families + 2,379 over 1953
29,238 R.S. Members + 759 over 1953
or 54.03% of potential membership

LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES

97,198 R.S. Members Participated in Leadership Activities — 1954
90,887 in 1953

	1954	1953
General Officers	24	26
Stake Officers	2,490	2,421
Mission Officers	607	504
Local Executive Officers	13,524	12,946
Other Officers	7,011	6,291
Class Leaders	12,903	12,097
Visiting Teachers	60,639	56,602

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS — 1954

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
United States and Territories						
Alabama			15	199	15	199
Alaska			4	106	4	106
Arizona	106	6,145	27	491	133	6,636
Arkansas			8	107	8	107
California	282	16,691	32	773	314	17,464
Colorado	25	1,306	25	585	50	1,891
Connecticut			4	85	4	85
Delaware			2	31	2	31
District of Columbia	2	139			2	139
Florida	10	376	36	579	46	955
Georgia	3	101	20	397	23	498
Hawaii	15	689	43	797	58	1,486
Idaho	333	19,592	5	94	338	19,686
Illinois	8	311	22	388	30	699
Indiana	1	30	22	504	23	534
Iowa			11	195	11	195
Kansas			20	297	20	297
Kentucky			19	293	19	293
Louisiana	2	92	15	309	17	401
Maine			9	100	9	100
Maryland	4	204	1	15	5	219
Massachusetts			11	196	11	196
Michigan	10	275	5	103	15	378
Minnesota			15	299	15	299
Mississippi			16	229	16	229
Missouri			23	510	23	510
Montana	12	340	46	1,047	58	1,387
Nebraska			9	176	9	176
Nevada	40	2,206			40	2,206
New Hampshire			2	18	2	18
New Jersey	2	74	4	98	6	172
New Mexico	18	605	26	459	44	1,064
New York	5	199	19	371	24	570
North Carolina			39	804	39	804
North Dakota			6	65	6	65
Ohio	1	29	20	505	21	534
Oklahoma			19	282	19	282
Oregon	50	2,602	22	454	72	3,056
Pennsylvania	1	39	24	429	25	468

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
Rhode Island			2	15	2	15
South Carolina	12	435	8	104	20	539
South Dakota			8	101	8	101
Tennessee			13	195	13	195
Texas	36	1,063	32	473	68	1,536
Utah	874	65,359			874	65,359
Vermont			2	16	2	16
Virginia	4	239	25	482	29	721
Washington	55	2,520	8	138	63	2,658
West Virginia			12	207	12	207
Wisconsin	3	107	14	173	17	280
Wyoming	50	2,771	16	293	66	3,064
Total United States	1,964	124,539	786	14,587	2,750	139,126
Other Countries						
Argentina			21	402	21	402
Australia			25	515	25	515
Austria			6	124	6	124
Belgium			11	91	11	91
Brazil			12	117	12	117
Canada	56	2,381	61	1,073	117	3,454
Costa Rica			1	12	1	12
Denmark			17	360	17	360
England			75	953	75	953
Finland			13	168	13	168
France			14	111	14	111
Germany — East (1953)			79	3,801	79	3,801
Germany — West			53	791	53	791
Guatemala			3	54	3	54
Honduras			1	9	1	9
Ireland			3	45	3	45
Japan			20	229	20	229
Mexico	3	142	57	1,137	60	1,279
Netherlands			21	325	21	325
New Zealand			65	969	65	969
Nicaragua			1	6	1	6
Norway			13	343	13	343
Panama Canal Zone			2	22	2	22
Salvador			2	18	2	18
Samoa — (1953)			49	669	49	669
Scotland			6	61	6	61
Sweden			38	494	38	494
Switzerland			26	370	26	370
Tahiti — (1953)			16	277	16	277
Tonga			40	565	40	565
Union of South Africa			14	159	14	159
Uruguay			23	336	23	336
Wales			4	45	4	45
Total Other Countries	59	2,523	792	14,651	851	17,174
GRAND TOTAL	2,023	127,062	1,578	29,238	3,601	156,300

MEETINGS — 1954

169,473 Total Meetings Held in Wards and Branches

116,365 Regular Meetings

	In Stakes	Increase Over 1953	In Missions	Increase Over 1953
Theology	15,566	+ 999	13,701	+ 46
Work	22,084	+ 1,565	15,981	+ 65
Literature	15,224	+ 950	10,592	+ 77
(Optional Lessons in Missions)				
Social Science	13,396	+ 858	9,821	+ 64

18,654 Visiting Teacher Meetings

		Increase or Decrease Over 1953
In Stakes	14,365	— 353
In Missions	4,289	+ 187

34,454 All Other Meetings

		Increase or Decrease Over 1953
In Stakes	20,104	+2,661
In Missions	14,350	—1,138

ATTENDANCE AT MEETINGS — 1954

Regular Meetings

56,166 or 35.93% total average attendance in 1954
53,432 or 36.08% in 1953

	Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase Over 1953
Theology	49,613	11,817	61,430	+3,064
Work	43,356	11,221	54,577	+3,353
Literature	42,830	11,068	53,898	+2,165
Social Science	42,569	10,996	53,565	+1,972

Visiting Teacher Meetings

31,217 or 51.48% total average attendance in 1954
28,514 or 50.38% in 1953

Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase Over 1953
27,616	3,601	31,217	+2,703

VISITING TEACHING SERVICE

	1954	1953	Increase Over 1953
Total Family Visits	2,634,185	2,432,032	+202,153
Visiting Teachers	60,639	56,602	+ 4,037
Districts	32,428	30,367	+ 2,061
Families Visited			
At Home	1,764,915	1,626,145	+138,770
Not Home	869,270	805,887	+ 63,383

8.27 Av. visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1954
8.01 in 1953

SEWING SERVICE — 1954

	1954	1953	Increase Over 1953
Total Articles Completed	298,005	246,686	+51,319
Av. number of women sewing monthly at work meeting	45,158	41,867	+ 3,291
Kinds of Articles Completed			
Quilts	17,165	16,193	+ 972
Children's Clothing	29,079	23,824	+ 5,255
Women's Clothing	41,463	34,596	+ 6,867
Men's Clothing	3,057	2,198	+ 859
Household Furnishings	93,120	74,792	+18,328
Miscellaneous Articles	114,121	95,083	+19,038

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE — 1954

	1954	1953	Increase (or Decrease) Over 1953
Compassionate Services:			
Visits to Sick and Homebound	235,457	217,806	+17,651
Days Care of Sick	25,500	23,739	+ 1,761
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,561	6,598	— 37
Dressing Only for Burial	678	716	— 38

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE — 1954

	1954	1953	Increase Over 1953
Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at work meeting	8,648	8,237	+ 411
Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at sewing center	3,178	2,357	+ 821
Average number of women participating in Welfare projects other than sewing	16,243	10,919	+5,324

FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE — 1954

	1954	1953	Increase Over 1953
Number of initial family visits under direction of bishop	10,983	8,628	+2,355
Number of subsequent or follow-up visits	26,874	19,439	+7,435
Number visited who gave service on Church Welfare projects	2,299	1,573	+ 726
Number of women visited who sewed at work meeting	2,246	1,738	+ 508
Number of women visited who sewed for themselves and families	2,774	2,048	+ 726

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements, 1954

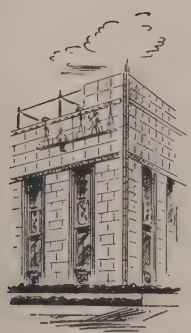
Cash Balance on hand, January 1	$	1,036,488.57
Receipts		1,517,003.50
	$	2,553,492.07
Disbursements		1,466,112.69
Cash Balance on hand, December 31	$	1,087,379.38

Assets and Liabilities, December 31, 1954

Cash Balance on hand, December 31	$	1,087,379.38
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office		422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings, Bonds, etc.)		93,687.64
Real Estate and Buildings		88,993.41
Furniture and Fixtures		764,003.80
Other Assets		178,681.94
Total Assets	$	2,635,658.39

Liabilities

Accounts Payable	$	2,244.36
Balance Net Worth		2,633,414.03
Total Liabilities and Net Worth	$	2,635,658.39



REPORT OF FUNDS FOR NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING 1947 - 1954

Receipts		
Contributions	$	563,098.73
Interest		18,588.55
Proceeds from sale "Wist Ye Not"		2,606.50
Total Receipts	$	584,293.78
Disbursements Including Construction Expense		182,004.65
Cash Balance December 31, 1954	$	402,289.13

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA
1953 - 1954

	1954 Number or Amount	1953 Number or Amount	Changes 1953 to 1954 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Organizations				
Stakes and Missions, Total	258	251	+ 7	+ 2.79
Stakes	216	209	+ 7	+ 3.35
Missions	42	42	—	—
Local	3,601	3,451	+ 150	+ 4.35
Wards in Stakes	2,023	1,877	+ 146	+ 7.78
Branches in Missions	1,578	1,574	+ 4	+ .25
Membership Total	156,300	148,094	+ 8,206	+ 5.54
Stakes	127,062	119,615	+ 7,447	+ 6.23
Missions	29,238	28,479	+ 759	+ 2.67
General Officers and Board Members	24	26	— 2	— 7.69
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,490	2,421	+ 69	+ 2.85
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	607	504	+ 103	+20.44
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	13,524	12,946	+ 578	+ 4.46
Other Officers	7,011	6,291	+ 720	+11.44
Class Leaders	12,903	12,097	+ 806	+ 6.66
Visiting Teachers	60,639	56,602	+ 4,037	+ 7.13
All Other Members	59,102	57,207	+ 1,895	+ 3.31
L.D.S. Families—Total	318,690	303,504	+ 15,186	+ 5.00
In Stakes	264,582	251,775	+ 12,807	+ 5.08
In Missions	54,108	51,729	+ 2,379	+ 4.60
Meetings and Attendance				
1. Meetings Held, Total	174,733	168,426	+ 6,307	+ 3.74
General Board Meetings	29	31	— 2	— 6.45
Relief Society General Conference	1	1	—	—
Group Stake Conventions	112	106	+ 6	+ 5.66
In Stakes and Missions	5,118	4,796	+ 322	+ 6.71
Stake and Mission District Board Meetings	2,791	2,673	+ 118	+ 4.41
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Meetings	2,327	2,123	+ 204	+ 9.61
In Wards and Branches	169,473	163,492	+ 5,981	+ 3.66
Regular Meetings for Members	116,365	111,741	+ 4,624	+ 4.14
March Sunday Night Meetings	11,518	9,360	+ 2,158	+23.06
Visiting Teacher Meetings	18,654	18,820	— 166	— .88
Preparation Meetings	18,013	18,842	— 829	— 4.40
Relief Society Conferences	3,002	3,025	— 23	— .76
R. S. Conf. Preliminary Meetings	1,921	1,704	+ 217	+12.74

	1954 Number or Amount	1953 Number or Amount	Changes 1953 to 1954 Number or Amount	Per Cent
2. Average Attendance at Regular Meetings for Members	56,166	53,432	+ 2,734	+ 5.12
In Stakes	44,650	40,352	+ 4,298	+10.65
In Missions	11,516	13,080	— 1,564	—11.96
3. Per Cent of Members Represented by Average Attendance at Regular Meetings	35.93%	36.08%		
In Stakes	35.14%	33.73%		
In Missions	39.38%	45.93%		
4. Average Attendance at Visiting Teacher Meetings	31,217	28,514	+ 2,703	+ 9.48
5. Per Cent of Visiting Teachers Represented by Average Attendance	51.48%	50.38%		
Visits by Stake and Mission Officers				
To Wards and Branches	23,411	20,793	+ 2,618	+12.59
To Wards by Stake Officers	18,201	16,302	+ 1,899	+11.65
To Branches by Mission and District Officers	5,210	4,491	+ 719	+16.01
Activities				
1. Visiting Teaching:				
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	32,428	30,367	+ 2,061	+ 6.79
Family Visits — Total	2,634,185	2,432,032	+202,153	+ 8.31
Home	1,764,915	1,626,145	+138,770	+ 8.53
Not Home	869,270	805,887	+ 63,383	+ 7.86
Per Cent at Home	67.00%	66.86%		
Number of Communications in Lieu of Visits	32,910	29,491	+ 3,419	+11.59
2. Educational Meetings:				
Average Attendance at Relief Society				
Theology	61,430	58,366	+ 3,064	+ 5.25
Work (Sewing)	54,577	51,224	+ 3,353	+ 6.55
Literature	53,898	51,733	+ 2,165	+ 4.18
Social Science	53,565	51,593	+ 1,972	+ 3.82
3. Sewing Service at Meetings:				
Average Number of Women Sewing Monthly	45,158	41,867	+ 3,291	+ 7.86
Total Articles Completed	298,005	246,686	+ 51,319	+20.80
Kinds of Articles:				
Quilts	17,165	16,193	+ 972	+ 6.00
Children's Clothing	29,079	23,824	+ 5,255	+22.06
Women's Clothing	41,463	34,596	+ 6,867	+19.85
Men's Clothing	3,057	2,198	+ 859	+39.08
Household Furnishings	93,120	74,792	+ 18,328	+24.51
Other (Miscellaneous)	114,121	95,083	+ 19,038	+20.02

	1954 Number or Amount	1953 Number or Amount	Changes 1953 to 1954 Number or Amount	Per Cent
4. Compassionate Service:				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	235,457	217,806	+ 17,651	+ 8.10
Number Days Care of the Sick	25,500	23,738¾	+ 1,761¼	+ 7.42
Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	678	716	— 38	— 5.31
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,561	6,598	— 37	— .56
5. Church Welfare Services:				
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meetings	8,648	8,237	+ 411	+ 4.99
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	3,178	2,357	+ 821	+34.83
Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other than Sewing	16,243	10,919	+ 5,324	+48.76
6. Family Welfare Services:				
Number Initial Visits Under Direction of Bishop	10,983	8,628	+ 2,355	+27.29
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	26,874	19,439	+ 7,435	+38.25
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	2,299	1,573	+ 726	+46.15
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	2,246	1,738	+ 508	+29.23
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	2,774	2,048	+ 726	+35.45
Total Number of Wards and Branches With Lists of Nurses	2,043	1,881	+ 162	+ 8.61
Wards	1,566	1,394	+ 172	+12.34
Mission Branches	477	487	— 10	— 2.05
Total Number of Wards and Branches Having Singing Mothers Choruses	1,777			
Wards	1,430			
Mission Branches	347			
Total Approximate Number of Singers	27,280			
Wards	23,095			
Mission Branches	4,185			
Magazine				
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	128,868½	119,850	+9,018½	+ 7.52
Finances				
Cash Receipts	$1,517,003.50	$1,423,757.66	+$ 93,245.84	+ 6.55
Cash Disbursements	1,466,112.69	1,332,694.79	+ 133,417.90	+10.01
Net Assets	2,633,414.03	2,481,039.69	+ 152,374.34	+ 6.14

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by May E. J. Dyer

CENTRAL STATES MISSION AUXILIARY RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Seated: May E. J. Dyer, President, Central States Mission Relief Society.

Standing, left to right: Alice Andrews, St. Louis; Edith Conwell, Kansas City; Lilly Clark, Kansas City.

Sister Dyer reports the organization of this board: "An auxiliary board has been formed in the Central States Mission. The purpose of this board is more properly to provide the districts and branches of the mission with information and instructions as provided by the general board of Relief Society, that the full program of the Church may become operative. In the Relief Society division of the board, I have found it advisable and have called three worthy and capable sisters to assist me with the work. This has proved very helpful, and the work of Relief Society is going forward."

Photograph submitted by Lyle J. Coombs

FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), FRESNO SECOND WARD HANDICRAFT, ANTIQUE, AND HOBBY SHOW, May 6, 1955

DeLoris P. Fawns, publicity chairman of this unique event, reports the program as follows: "The purpose of this cultural activity is threefold:

1. To create interest in hobbies and handicraft.
2. To show that having hobbies and creating things of interest is one of the finest ways to be happy, to develop an interesting personality, and to maintain a well-adjusted life.
3. To show the people of Fresno and Fresno County what their neighbors and friends are doing in many cultural fields of endeavor.

"The whole community is invited to participate . . . . The public is urged to take part even though they are not Church members. People who have made or collected items of interest are invited to bring them to the show so that others may enjoy looking at their works of art, hobbies, etc. . . . The exhibit is for one day only, from ten A.M. to ten P.M. Simple refreshments are served to all guests. This show has created so much interest among non-members of the Church that they continually inquire as to when the next hobby show will be.

"Some of the articles of interest which have been exhibited include: a collection of 250 bells; early American glassware; hundreds of old dolls and dolls of all nations; 200 or more salt and pepper shakers; water color paintings; Indian arrowheads; South Pacific native collections; ceramics; textile painting; antique furniture; beautiful hooked rugs made by the women of a class conducted by one of the Relief Society counselors; leather craft; rock and gem collections; genealogical records; valuable old books, papers, and magazines; button collections; pioneer clothes and other pioneer articles; handicraft of many kinds (needle point, petit point, quilting, crocheting, etc.); old-fashioned albums; gun collections; toy automobiles — made by children; artificial flowers; quaint office machines of all kinds; travel collections.

"Sister Lydia McCauley, one of the Relief Society counselors, has been the general chairman for the past four years . . . . Each year more and more non-members take part and look forward to the next exhibit . . . . More and more people are beginning to treasure the objects handed down to them and appreciate their value."

Lyle J. Coombs is president of Fresno Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elsie J. Brinkerhoff

KANAB STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 1955

Stake chorister Elizabeth B. Esplin stands back of the rostrum, in the center, and the stake organist Leah L. Brinkerhoff, stands at Sister Esplin's left.

Elsie J. Brinkerhoff is president of Kanab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mary L. Henrie

DESERET STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT ANNUAL CONCERT

Front row, fifth from the left: chorister Ivy Allred; sixth from the left, organist Roma Ekins.

Mary L. Henrie, President, Deseret Stake Relief Society, reports that Relief Society women from the thirteen wards and branches of Deseret Stake participate in this chorus: "Abraham, Callao, Delta First, Second, and Third Wards, Deseret, Hinckley, Leamington, Lynndyl, Oak City, Oasis, Sugarville, and Sutherland, each has an active Singing Mothers chorus, and each takes its turn at furnishing the special musical number for our regular union meetings. During the eight months of the regular Relief Society season, the members of the Singing Mothers choruses meet once a month an hour before the regular union meeting. They also practice as a group for special events to be held in their own wards. During the four summer vacation months it has been our custom for the past eight years to hold a regular weekly stake Singing Mothers practice and conclude the summer's activities with a concert in the latter part of August."

Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Brown

SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 22, 1955

Seated, left to right: Shirlea Weston, accompanist; Elizabeth Sorensen, chorister.

Sister Sorensen, in reporting this lovely occasion, comments: "This is the first experience in the stake that our women have had as a Singing Mothers group. They all seemed to enjoy it so much and many of them traveled long distances for practices."

Evelyn P. Brown is president of San Fernando Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Eva C. Taylor

EASTERN STATES MISSION, ONEIDA DISTRICT, MOHAWK (LAMANITE) BRANCH (HOGANSBURG) RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES FOUR QUILTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Florine C. Armstrong; Mary N. Cook, President; Bessie H. Crofts, Second Counselor; Elizabeth J. White.

Back row, standing, left to right: Eita Gwyn Anderson; Dorothy B. Nadeau; Lucy G. Cole; Elizabeth Ann Cook.

Eva C. Taylor, former President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, submits an interesting report from this small branch: "The Mohawk (Lamanite) Branch of the Oneida District has completed four lovely quilts in the last four months. The Relief Society was organized May 16, 1955, and now has eight active members enrolled. Bessie H. Crofts, the Second Counselor, is a full-time missionary in the Eastern States Mission. While serving on the reservation among members and non-members, she has won the hearts and respect of the people through her services to them as a teacher of homemaking. They have sought her guidance in times of illness, for general housekeeping, and the various arts and crafts of home life, as well as for the gospel."

Florence Smith Jacobson is president of Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

The Bell

Celia Luce

I held a tiny, shining copper bell in my hand. My fingers closed tightly over the whole bell and I swung it. There was no music from the bell, only a discordant, dull clank.

Then I held the bell only by the tiny handle at the top and swung it again. This time the bell swung free, and the joyous bell music sang gladly through the air, lovely bell music that has sung the songs of happiness and holiness all through the ages.

People are like bells. Without freedom, there is a discordance in life. With freedom, they can make their lives a beautiful symphony of happiness.

Transient

Beatrice K. Ekman

Vainly I hold the summer to my heart,
Striving to keep the fragrance of the rose,
But, like the birds, the joys so soon depart
And over summer's glory . . . autumn blows.
Strange that a memory can grow so dim . . . .
Illusive as a dream . . . the face of him.

Contrast

Lillian S. Knudson

There's a quiet around this morning,
And it's only half past nine.
You can even hear the ticking of the clock!
It's an empty kind of quiet,
Part the neighbors' and part mine—
School's begun!

There's a rush of babbling voices,
And it's only half past three;
The walks are filled with hurrying, scurrying feet;
It's a pair of eyes so shining, and
Two arms held out to me—
School's let out!

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 35—Nephi, Son of Helaman

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Helaman, chapter 5:5 through chapter 12)

For Tuesday, December 6, 1955

Objective: To show that when we sacrifice and exercise faith in the Lord, he gives us power to accomplish great things.

Missionary Activities of Nephi and Lehi

Nephi and his brother Lehi were very much impressed with the instructions their father Helaman gave to them, in which he emphasized the need of their believing that Jesus Christ would come and redeem mankind by means of his atoning sacrifice. This message loomed so large in the eyes of young Nephi and Lehi that Nephi had no difficulty in deciding to resign as chief judge and to devote all his energies to missionary work. (Read Helaman 5:5-12.)

The people were ripening for destruction, for their laws had become corrupted. Those people who elected to do evil were far more numerous than those who chose to do right. In a representative form of government this trend signifies decadence.

For the purpose of correcting this condition, Nephi and Lehi knew that they must cast everything else aside and preach of the atonement of Christ. They started their work in the city Bountiful, proceeded to Gid, and Mulek, and from there to all the people of Nephi who were in the land southward. Then they traveled to Zarahemla to labor among the Lamanites.

So forceful and cogent was the message of Nephi and Lehi among the Lamanites that they succeeded in baptizing 8,000 of them.

From Zarahemla, Nephi and Lehi went to the land of Nephi to continue their work with the Lamanites. In the land of Nephi, they were committed to the same prison in which Ammon and his brethren had been incarcerated years before by the servants of King Limhi. They were confined without food for many days.

Miraculous Conversion of the Lamanites

Determined to slay them for their missionary activities, the Lamanites came to the prison. As they entered the prison they discovered that Nephi and Lehi

> . . . were encircled about as if by fire, even insomuch that they durst not lay their hands upon them for fear lest they should be burned. Nevertheless, Nephi and Lehi were not burned and they were as standing in the midst of fire and were not burned (Helaman 5:23).

The Lamanites watched in terror. Nephi and Lehi, recognizing that they were being divinely protected, admonished the Lamanites not to fear, for it was God who had shown them this power. Then the earth shook and the prison was overshadowed with a cloud of darkness. From above this cloud, all present heard a voice saying:

> . . . Repent ye, repent ye, and seek no more to destroy my servants whom I have sent unto you to declare good tidings (Helaman 5:29). (Read Helaman 5:30-33.)

One among the crowd, Aminadab, a Nephite dissenter, saw the faces of Nephi and Lehi through the cloud of darkness. They shone even as the faces of angels, and were turned as if addressing heavenly beings. At the request of Aminadab the multitude looked, and soon they were asking with whom Nephi and Lehi conversed, and what they, as Lamanites, might do to remove the cloud of darkness which overshadowed them. Aminadab called them to repentance and asked them to believe in Christ.

The multitude prayed and soon the cloud was dispersed and they were all encircled by a pillar of fire. The Spirit of the Lord descended upon them, and:

> . . . there came a voice unto them, yea, a pleasant voice, as if it were a whisper, saying: Peace, peace be unto you, because of your faith in my Well Beloved, who was from the foundation of the world (Helaman 5:46-47).

The people saw the heavens open, and angels came down and ministered to the three hundred who were present.

Intensive missionary activity on the part of many who were present on this occasion convinced most of the Lamanites of the truth. They laid down their weapons of war, and cast aside the hatred they had for the Nephites. They gave back to the Nephites the lands which rightfully belonged to them, and by twenty-nine B. C. the Lamanites were more righteous than the Nephites.

In twenty-eight B.C. Nephi and Lehi went into the land northward to preach. They were assisted by many righteous Lamanites. The Nephites and Lamanites mingled freely with each other during this period. There was free commercial and social intercourse between the two peoples. Both groups were prosperous. The land south was called Lehi, and the land north was called Mulek, after the son of King Zedekiah, ". . . for the Lord did bring Mulek into the land north, and Lehi into the land south" (Helaman 6:10).

Decline of Righteousness Among Nephites

In twenty-six B.C., however, political and economic difficulties

arose. The people began to commit murder, to rob and to plunder to gain riches. The Gadianton band was revived. It was members of this band who had murdered the chief judge Cezoram. Organized crime soon flourished among the people, and a period of decadence set in among the Nephites. It was the Lamanites now who were the bearers of the truth. They succeeded in eradicating the Gadianton robbers from their midst, however the band grew to such power among the Nephites, that, by twenty-four B.C., it controlled the government.

Because of wickedness among the Nephites in the land northward, Nephi returned from the land northward to Zarahemla. Government itself began to totter, and Nephi knew that he must undergird it with righteousness or it would collapse. His soul was filled with sorrow because of the wickedness of his people.

Nephi Calls Nephites to Repentance

Nephi entered a tower in his garden in Zarahemla and supplicated the Lord in sorrow for the wickedness of his people. (Read Helaman 7:7-9.) The people saw him and assembled together. Nephi called them to repentance and foretold their utter destruction except they repented. He prophesied that unless they did repent their lands would be taken from them, and they would be exterminated. He told them of the corruptness of their laws.

Judges belonging to the secret band of Gadianton robbers were present. Angered by Nephi's criticism, they tried to stir the people to opposition. Defended by some who were righteous, Nephi presented an abundance of evidence to validate his faith that Christ would come and redeem all who would believe in him and keep his commandments.

As a climax to his talk, Nephi warned the people that destruction was at their doors unless they repented. As an indication of that destruction, he said:

> . . . go ye in unto the judgment-seat, and search; and behold, your judge is murdered, and he lieth in his blood; and he hath been murdered by his brother, who seeketh to sit in the judgment-seat. And behold, they both belong to your secret band, whose author is Gadianton and the evil one who seeketh to destroy the souls of men (Helaman 8:27-28).

Five men, all of whom were skeptical of the power of Nephi, went to see if they would find what Nephi had spoken. They found the chief judge lying in his blood. So astounded were they that they fell to the ground in fear of the judgments Nephi had predicted, and were oblivious to everything about them. The servants of the murdered chief judge, Seezoram, had already raised the cry of murder among the people and soon a group assembled. The five men who had fallen to the ground were accused of the murder and committed to prison.

When all the evidence came to the fore, however, these men were released. Then the judges accused Nephi. He gave them a second sign, telling them to go to the house of Seantum and to examine him and they would ". . . find blood upon the skirts of his cloak" (Helaman 9:31), which would be the

blood of Seezoram and that he would confess to the murder and exonerate Nephi. Seantum was examined and all Nephi had predicted came to pass. Many who knew all the circumstances concerning Seezoram accepted Nephi as a prophet of God.

Promises of the Lord to Nephi

The people, however, were divided. Nephi, cast down because of the wickedness of the Nephites, started for his house. On the way, he was blessed and comforted. A voice from heaven said:

> . . . I have beheld how thou hast with unweariyingness declared the word . . . . And thou hast not feared them, [the people] and hast not sought thine own life, but hast sought my will, and to keep my commandments . . . behold, I will bless thee forever; and I will make thee mighty in word and in deed, in faith and in works; yea, even that all things shall be done unto thee according to thy word, for thou shalt not ask that which is contrary to my will. Behold, thou art Nephi, and I am God. Behold, I declare it unto thee in the presence of mine angels, that ye shall have power over this people, and shall smite the earth with famine, and with pestilence, and destruction, according to the wickedness of this people. Behold, I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye shall seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven; and thus shall ye have power among this people . . . . And now behold, I command you, that ye shall go and declare unto this people, that thus saith the Lord God, who is the Almighty: Except ye repent ye shall be smitten, even unto destruction (Helaman 10:4-7, 11).

God gave to Nephi a power which few men have exercised—power over the elements. He was given this power because he had grown in righteousness to the point where God knew he would exercise the power with wisdom.

From that time onward Nephi intensified his teachings to the people that they could choose between repentance and destruction. In their wickedness they chose destruction and reviled Nephi, ". . . and did seek to lay their hands upon him that they might cast him into prison" (Helaman 10:15). Nephi, however, ". . . was taken by the Spirit and conveyed away out of the midst . . ." (Helaman 10:16).

To prevent the destruction of the people by the sword, for wars were being conducted throughout the land, Nephi asked the Lord to send a famine to win the people unto their God. God sent the famine in nineteen B.C. For three years the famine took its toll. Thoroughly disciplined by hardship and sorrow, the people turned to God and repented of their evil ways. They pleaded with their chief judges and rulers to ask Nephi to use his power in their behalf with the Lord to turn away the famine. Nephi asked the Lord to send rain and the rains came. The people recognized Nephi as a prophet, a man of God, having great power and authority given him from God. During this time Lehi was ". . . not a whit behind him as to things pertaining to righteousness" (Helaman 11:19).

Peace was among the people for several years, but by eleven B.C. the Gadianton band of robbers was revived. The band grew in numbers until it was large enough to defy the armies of the Nephites and Lamanites. By seven B.C. the people ". . . did wax stronger and stronger in their pride, and in their wicked-

ness; and thus they were ripening again for destruction" (Helaman 11:37).

God had blessed and prospered the people as long as they placed their trust in him. Because a majority of the people had chosen to be wicked, their government itself was endangered.

And thus we see that except the Lord doth chasten his people with many afflictions, yea, except he doth visit them with death and with terror, and with famine and with all manner of pestilence, they will not remember him. O how foolish, and how vain, and how evil, and devilish, and how quick to do iniquity, and how slow to do good, are the children of men; yea, how quick to hearken unto the words of the evil one, and to set their hearts upon the vain things of the world . . . and how slow are they to remember the Lord their God, and to give ear unto his counsels, yea, how slow to walk in wisdom's paths . . . . Therefore, blessed are they who will repent and hearken unto the voice of the Lord their God; for these are they that shall be saved (Helaman 12:3-5, 23).

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Distinguish between Cezoram and Seezoram.
2. Why does the Lord find it necessary to chasten his people?
3. Why did the Lord give Nephi power over the elements?
4. What often happens to a people when God blesses them abundantly?
5. What made Lehi and Nephi such great missionaries?
6. What happens to representative government when a majority of the people choose iniquity?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 35—"But When Thou Doest Alms Let Not Thy Left Hand Know What Thy Right Hand Doeth; That Thine Alms May Be in Secret; and Thy Father Who Seeth in Secret, Himself Shall Reward Thee Openly" (3 Nephi 13:3-4).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, December 6, 1955

Objective: To point out that alms should be given in secret and the Lord shall reward openly.

IT is the nature of women to be generous. Usually a mother's whole life is one of giving to her family. Relief Society members are well schooled in the meaning of sharing, giving, helping, alms, compassionate service, generosity, and other related words and phrases. In fact, the gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to see the needs of our brother and alleviate them. To love our neighbor as ourselves will bring the blessings of eternity to this earth.

The friendly Lebonese writer and philosopher, Kahlil Gibran, says, "Your friend is your needs answered . . . . And he is your board and your fireside. For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace" (*The Prophet*, page 66). May each of us be that friend.

The really beautiful part of giving is the personal reward of unbounded joy experienced by the giver. There are always Christmases, anniversaries, and other occasions to remind us of, at least, a bit of sharing; but to the real Christian soul, every day brings an opportunity to serve in some capacity our families, neighbors, or friends.

When we study world statistics which tell about the poverty and limited opportunities of many millions of people, we see the literal fulfillment of Christ's statement, "For ye have the poor always with you . . ." (Mt. 26:11). No wonder the Savior repeatedly pleaded for us to minister to the needs of the unfortunate.

Compassionate service was one of the most important reasons for the founding of our Relief Society. Let us not forget that we were commissioned by the Prophet Joseph Smith to assuage suffering.

Let us be reminded that sharing has many facets. We really give little when we give of our possessions. It is when we give of ourselves that we truly give. Alms is a small word; but it has a mighty meaning, one of which is to give of thyself. A kind word, a friendly smile, the understanding of a problem, sincere forgiveness of a wrong may all be catalogued under this four-letter word.

I am sure that none of us keeps a list of our kind deeds tacked to the gatepost for all to see. Yet some of us, by word or inference, like to let it be known that we have served, perhaps just to hear a word of praise. Yet the real joy of sharing comes when only three persons are aware of it—you, the one you have helped, and your God. "That thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father who seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly" (3 Nephi 13:4) should be our guide.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Poultry Selection and Preparation

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, December 13, 1955

POULTRY is one of the most versatile of all meats. According to the method of preparation, it may be served at any meal of the day, for party refreshments, packed lunches, and picnics. Today there is no off-season for poultry. One may serve superior quality fried chicken on Christmas Day just as well as on the Fourth of July. Roast chicken or turkey may appear on the summer picnic menu just as well as for Christmas dinner.

Stewed Chicken

Because of the variety of ways in which poultry may be prepared, it need never become unpopular. Stewed chicken is no doubt the method most frequently used. The

name is misleading, for a good cook never "stews" chicken. Rather, she covers the meat, which has been cut into serving portions, with hot water and cooks it slowly. Once the water reaches the boiling point, the heat is reduced so that thereafter the water bubbles gently, but does not boil. Onions, carrots, celery leaves or seeds, or peppercorns, and salt are added to the water according to individual taste. Check for tenderness by pressing a fork against the meat rather than into the meat so there will be no loss of the natural juices from the meat. Chicken cooked in this way may be served at once with the thickened gravy and dumplings or mashed potatoes, or may be chilled and served in innumerable ways later. If it is not to be served immediately, place the chicken and stock in a mixing bowl or an enamel pan for cooling.

Cold Chicken or Turkey

Cooked chicken or turkey, cut from the bones, is delicious for sandwiches, either sliced or ground and seasoned with pickle, salad dressing, minced green onion, or finely chopped celery. Chicken or turkey salad is a favorite party refreshment when served with hot rolls. Celery cut into small pieces is an ideal base for this salad.

Casseroles

Casseroles rate high in popularity for company meals, both with the cook and guests. The fowl may be cooked well in advance of the occasion and kept in the refrigerator. Other ingredients of the casserole, of which wild or brown rice, or noodles, are favorites, may also be cooked ahead of time. Only a few minutes are then required for combining all ingredients before placing the dish in a moderate oven for final cooking. Recipes for such casseroles may be found in most cook books.

Chicken Pie

Another good Sunday dinner or party dish is chicken pie. Remove the cooked chicken from the bone and cut it into one or two-inch pieces. Season the chicken stock, if necessary, then thicken it. Carefully blend precooked and diced carrots, peas, or celery with the chicken and gravy. Or fill your baking dish with alternating layers of chicken and vegetables, then pour the gravy over them. Cover the dish with hot mashed potatoes or small baking powder biscuits. If a potato topping is used, have the other ingredients piping hot first, then place the pie into the oven just long enough for the potatoes to brown lightly. Baking powder biscuits require a hot oven for baking. Filling should be preheated to near the boiling point before the biscuits are placed on top, since baking them requires only a few minutes.

Chicken Fricassee

Chicken fricassee might be called pot-roasted or braised meat. The pieces of chicken are dipped into flour, then browned in a small amount of hot fat, then they are put into a heavy cooking dish. A small amount of liquid is added and the chicken is simmered over low heat or in a slow (300°F) oven until tender. Herbs, such as sweet marjoram, thyme, celery leaves, or parsley may be added as desired.

Frying Poultry

Poultry to be fried may be dipped in crumbs, flour, cornmeal, or mixtures of all these, then slowly fried in fat about one inch deep in a heavy pan with a well-fitting lid, or it may be dipped in a batter and fried in deep fat held at 370°F. It should be at least partially precooked by steaming when the latter method is used.

Broiling Poultry

Broiling is a less frequently used method, but one that is fast increasing in popularity. Chicken to be broiled should first be steamed. To steam chicken in a roaster, pour about two cups of hot water into the pan. Place the chicken on a rack in the pan so it does not touch the water. Cover and leave in a moderately hot oven (375°F) for from thirty minutes to one hour. To broil, place the chicken about five inches below the source of heat on an oiled broiling rack with the skin side away from the heat. Turn each piece four times during cooking, basting and salting each time. Allow about thirty minutes for broiling.

Roast Poultry

Roast chicken and turkey are long-time favorites. Roast birds are generally considered incomplete without dressing. Rub the inside cavity lightly with salt, then fill it about three-fourths full with your favorite dressing. This allows space for the dressing to swell as it cooks. Close the openings with sewing or the use of skewers. With a soft string bind the legs and wings to the body for uniform cooking and even browning.

Place the bird on a rack in a shallow pan, breast down. Cover the top and sides of the bird with a cloth onto which a small amount of fat has been spread. Place in a 325°F oven and roast until tender. An oven as low as 250°F roasts the bird evenly and to a beautiful golden brown, but requires about fifty per cent more cooking time. If the skin becomes dry during roasting, pour some of the drippings in the pan over it or put a little more fat onto the cloth.

Whichever way you may prepare your bird, moderate to low heat is economical for both meat and fuel, and the results are better flavor, better texture, less shrinkage and more attractive serving.

Turkey may be prepared in exactly the same ways as chicken. It is often a better buy than chicken because of the higher percentage of meat to bone.

Activity for the Class Leaders

Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of cooking with aluminum foil.

Lesson 51—John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre (1871-1909)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II. Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 1002-1009)

For Tuesday, December 20, 1955

Objective: To understand better Synge's relation to Irish Nationalism, and to appreciate more fully his dramatic powers.

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THE grim days following Dunkerque in May 1940, were the darkest in England's entire history. Within that month England desperately appointed a new Prime Minister, so low was home morale after Norway and Denmark were taken. That very day Germany invaded France, which soon fell, and Italy quickly declared war on England, who now stood alone. So inadequate was England's naval screen that within the month she lost half a million tons of shipping; her mightiest battleship had been sunk. At Dunkerque 350,000 of her fighting men were miraculously rescued, but the bulk of her armaments, even to rifles, lay abandoned on Dunkerque's beaches. Invasion was imminent. Britain was almost helpless, and she knew it, as did Ireland. Yet the Irish Free State, England's own blood through the centuries, remained neutral, even denying to England air bases and the desperately needed submarine bases which controlled her vital sea lanes in the Atlantic. Why did Ireland maintain her neutrality?

Ireland Versus England

The answer lies in the past. In 1841 Ireland had eight million people; a decade later she had six and one-half million, and by 1900 hardly more than four million. Thus within sixty years more than half of Ireland starved or died or emigrated to America to escape forced worship, near illiteracy, and political and agricultural unfairness maintained by the controlling aristocratic landowners.

First in 1885, then in 1895, and finally in 1912, Ireland fought bitterly for Home Rule and her own Parliament, only to be as bitterly opposed by Protestant North Ireland, or Ulster. At the outbreak of World War I, North and South Ireland had armed themselves and were ready to fight out their differences: the Catholic Eire demanding Home Rule, the Protestant Ulster demanding their rights to continue as British subjects. During Easter Week, 1916, severe riots in Dublin brought about near civil war, but because of World War I, the Irish

Free state did not legally exist until 1921.

Thus, though Ireland was important to the United Kingdom's food supply, protection, and continued growth, Parliament finally voted her independence. England had invested huge sums of money in Ireland, and her contribution to British literature and drama had been considerable: Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Swift, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, and Yeats, yet all this was past.

Synge ["Sing"] Raises Irish Wrath

It was Synge's lot to point out in his plays that his fellow Irishmen were still human, and somewhat less than perfect. Within the decades after fiery Parnell's death in 1891, Irish Nationalism was at its strongest. No wonder that, both in Dublin and Philadelphia, hot-headed Irishmen booed and yelled at Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* until not one word the players said could be heard after the first three minutes, for they felt that a *fellow Irishman* had insulted them in his *Playboy*, which seemingly depicted Irishmen as admiring a murderer.

It is a tribute to both the art and character of John Millington Synge that he kept himself entirely free from personal and political argument. Now that his genius as a dramatic artist and poet is acknowledged world-wide, his fellow Fenians are less touchy, and sometimes almost proud of his accomplishment. And well they may be, since at least one critic has referred to his *Riders to the Sea* as the greatest one-act play in English, even while admitting that his *Playboy of the Western World* is his masterpiece.

Synge's Life

Born near Rathfarnham, just outside Dublin, in 1871, John Millington Synge was the youngest of eight children. Both his grandparents had been ministers in the Established Church of Ireland. His father, a gentle lawyer, who loved most the pleasures of staying at home, died before John knew him, and his mother, not without difficulty, put him through Trinity College in Dublin, where he excelled in languages and literature, and was so interested in music that he toured Germany hoping to prepare himself for a musical career. But, though he had learned to play the flute, he did not play well, and finally he faced squarely his inability to compose with any fluency. Turning his hopes, then, to literature, he took up residence in Paris, where he had a great love for old French literature and the classics, influences which are strong in his plays.

The Aran Islands

In 1898, when he was twenty-seven, he met William Butler Yeats, his fellow Irishman who, with Lady Gregory, had done all the planning for the Irish National Theater, which was to open the following year in Dublin. Completely supported by his family, save for a few journalist pieces he had published, Synge was preparing a study on the French author Racine, but, actually, his future was aimless, if defined at all. At once Yeats felt his genius for language and urged Synge to return at once to Ireland, there to record the speech and folkways of

his peasant fellow men and to give them expression in literature for the first time.

Inspired by Yeats' vision, Synge went at once to the Aran Islands, "a triad of treeless rocks in the Galway Bay," off the coast of western Ireland. For the next few years he spent several months among the Aran peasants, listening carefully to the pronunciation of their dialect, writing down the actual words and expressions they used, and studying their beliefs and superstitions. Earlier Synge had learned to speak the Celt or Gaelic tongue, the language of ancient Ireland, which aided him greatly in his study. With the aid of this tool, and his passionate dedication to recording the exact word and vowel color, he earned here his most precious literary tool, namely the speech of the Irish peasant. It was largely this preparation in language which enabled Synge to refine the actual Irish speech into the concentrated art of his plays.

Synge's Self-Discovery

Synge felt very much at home on these treeless islands, largely untouched by modern civilization. Here, as was his life-long habit, he lay for hours in the sun watching the ocean-swells coming in or studying nature in his wanderings. Friends had always been amazed at his knowledge of every plant, bird, and animal. In a sense, then, amid this isolated bleakness, "where men must reap with knives because of the stones," Synge found not only the subject matter and the speech for his great works, but he found as well his real self.

Synge's Personality

All his acquaintances recall Synge as the quiet, unaffected recluse. In Paris, where so many writers dressed extremely as a pose, he wore a slouch hat and heavy boots and a plain black suit and cape; indeed he said he had gone to Paris "to be quiet and wear dirty clothes if he liked." His personality was lovable and shy, even, to new acquaintances, dull. His few friends liked him for his gentle manner and his soft-spoken speech. He talked but little in a group, never about himself, nor did he gossip about others. He loathed brilliance or smartness, and, according to John Masefield, "he was the only Irishman I have ever met who cared nothing for . . . political issues."

The "Timeless" Irishman

The language of the Aran islanders "set free" his style, and the acquaintance with quiet, wild nature ministered to his essential self, but the greatest attraction he found in these people was as representatives of the timeless, primitive nature of man. To Synge "modernness means unIrishness." But to study these descendants of ancient Gael who for centuries had battled at first hand with nature in the great struggle for survival—to Synge this revealed the essentials of age-old nature in direct purity. For these Irish folk he had the highest respect. He felt that those who have for so long dealt with the essential realities of such a hard, even brutal life, are the true aristocrats. It was his great accomplishment to see in these rude fisherfolk high universal qualities, and to record them in a refined poetry which fit his subject.

Synge, the Artist

We can now see more clearly that Synge was entirely the artist, entirely unconcerned with problems of the present in his eagerness to stand aside and watch the basic realities of man's timeless existence as exemplified in unspoiled, spontaneous Irish peasantry, who were, he felt, the rightful heirs to the superstitions, legends, and ageless ways of thinking and enduring which were the richest heritage of Ireland. The care with which he wrote reveals his high esteem for his art and materials. He composed on a portable typewriter, revising and rewriting as many as thirteen times before he was satisfied. He worked for months over a sentence and strained endlessly for just the right word. But once he achieved a version which satisfied him, he trusted his intuition completely, and never changed one word or line in any of his finished plays.

The Nature of Drama

> . . . the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure [resemblance].
>
> (*Hamlet*: Act 3, Scene 2)

Thus Hamlet spoke to the players the purposes of drama, nor can he be improved on. In common with all fiction, drama, too, aims to recreate reality, to put in the actor's mouth words that seem real, to create real people, to reproduce the conflicts and laughter of *real life*. Or so it seems.

Actually a play is no more *real* than a poem or a story, but that makes it more valuable and desirable, not less so. For life may seem monotonous and shapeless, and from the dawn of mankind people have hungered to recreate the forces and peoples about them, just as children imitate animals and adults or act out a scene. It is the special task of art to select, to condense, and to sharpen actuality. This is done by every successful play or movie—successful, that is, if it *creates the illusion of reality*. We must recall that we read plays and attend plays and movies with the hope of being fooled: it isn't real life at all. But while we know we are being fooled, we love it, that is, if the illusion of reality *seems* real and the artificiality of scenery or plots or language is not apparent.

This universal enjoyment at making life live again is healthy and rewarding, particularly if the reader of a play will use his own creative imagination to make every gesture, tone of voice, movement, and action come alive. Then he can make the play almost as powerful as if the stage were directly before him. Then, too, he is ready to sense the conflict which is basic in all drama, as in life, and to see how, through the resolution of the conflict, or resignation to it, the author of the play has shown us, with the play as mirror, some virtue or scorn or pressure of life which we see now for ourselves, and which has been known universally by all mankind.

The Irish National Theater

In the spirit of rising nationalism, a group of young people at Trinity College, in Dublin, formed a "Young Ireland" Club as early as

1848. Its purpose was to stimulate interest in Ireland's past: the Gaelic language, Irish legend, folklore, and her national heroes such as Cuchulain (Ku ku lin) and Diedre (Dathre). When the Irish politicians sought to rouse Irishmen to pride in their nationalism, it was inevitable that the goal of the "Young Ireland" group be intensified and made dominant in Ireland. Hence in the eighties many clubs sprang up which taught the Gaelic tongue. To the despair of the English, checks were signed in Gaelic, railroad timetables and road signs were written in Gaelic, and part of the daily newspapers appeared in Gaelic.

This same spirit produced the Irish Renaissance in poetry and drama beginning just before the turn of the century. Lady Gregory and Yeats were convinced that Ireland could regain her old intellectual and artistic vigor only by going back to the sources of Irish greatness, not only in legends and poems, but as summed up in the present Irish character. These they depicted in plays which they wrote and performed, first, in 1899, in the organization called The Irish National Theater. This group met with varying success, but it produced many plays about Ireland, written by Yeats and Lady Gregory and other Irishmen. In 1904 it was reorganized as the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, a group of players at first composed of average working-class people who participated as recreation and as a patriotic obligation. This troupe has toured America innumerable times, and is today one of the outstanding groups of players.

In its first year of organization Synge was made a co-director of the Abbey Theatre, and his play *Riders to the Sea* was produced. Though it was not the notorious success that *Playboy* was, it was highly esteemed, since it revealed the considerable powers Synge had already shown in his first play, *In the Shadow of the Glen*, produced a year earlier.

Riders to the Sea

The scene is laid in the kitchen of a fishing hut on the west coast of Ireland. Maurya, an aged fisherman's widow, who has already lost to the sea four sons and a husband, has been waiting for nine days to learn whether her son, Michael, has also been drowned. A priest has brought clothes from distant Donegal for the family to identify; Cathleen and Nora, Maurya's daughters, fearing they might be Michael's, keep them from their mother, who is trying to prevent Bartley, her youngest son, from going to sea during a storm. But he feels he must go, so without his mother's blessing, he goes to get his horse and leaves. Her daughters chafe her for withholding her blessing, so she goes to bestow it, and the girls examine the bundle of clothing and find them to be Michael's. As mother Maurya waits at the "spring-well" for Bartley, she has a vision of the dead Michael riding near Bartley on a gray pony; spellbound, she says nothing to Bartley as he rides by to the sea. She returns home, and still almost horror-bound tells her experience to her daughters, scarcely hearing when they tell

her of Michael's death. Soon the villagers bring the drowned body of Bartley, knocked into the sea by the gray pony and drowned. Then Maurya says, "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me." As Maurya begins performing once more the tasks necessary for burying the dead, an old man agrees to make a coffin for Bartley from the fine new pine boards purchased for Michael.

OLD MAN (*looking at the boards*): Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN: There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

ANOTHER MAN: It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN: It's getting old she is, and broken.

MAURYA (*puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on Bartley's feet*). They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (bending her head); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

(*She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.*)

MAURYA (*continuing*): Michael has a clean burial in the Far North, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

(*She kneels down again and the curtain falls slowly.*)

(Text, page 1009)

To appreciate fully Synge's great control over the characters in the play, it must be read in full, and can well be read in your group, since it is only one act. There is never a wasted word throughout; how well

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he exemplifies his own belief (as stated in the preface to *The Playboy of the Western World*) that "In a good play every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips on poetry." The economy of his style, and the exactness of every word and stage direction make this short play almost a miracle of compression.

Synge's Greatness

The great power of the play lies in its ability to make this beaten, resigned mother's acknowledgment of her sons' deaths symbolize a universal experience which all of us must face. Throughout her hard life love has been great, which has made her suffering great. And now, as the sea, which symbolizes the uncontrollable chance of human existence, takes her last son from her, she is half-sorry, half-rejoicing that she is free of any future sorrow, since she has lost all that she can lose.

The "illusion of reality" which this play creates is so complete, so successful, that the reader knows it happened. Yes, it did, but in the mind and heart of one man only. First of all it is true to values and forces Synge himself saw in Ireland as interpreted by him in his art; after that this play is true to the fishfolk of Aran, and, finally, to all humanity as they meet death in resignation and suffering.

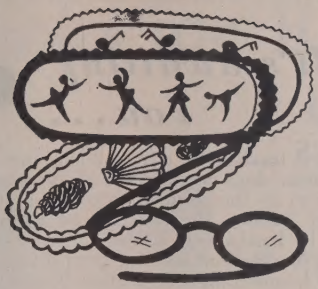
Thoughts for Discussion

1. How did Synge's artistic purposes coincide with those of the Irish Nationalist movement? Wherein did they differ?
2. How could Synge love the Irishman and yet, in such a stormy period, be unconcerned with present-day politics?
3. After reading *Riders to the Sea*, comment on Synge's belief that "every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple."
4. What universals do you find in his characters; in the theme of *Riders to the Sea*?

Social Science

The Constitution of the United States

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.



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Elizabeth Williamson

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Signs of Autumn

Catherine E. Berry

The first gold leaf, like the first gray hair,
Hardly shows at all,
But the tree and I both know it's there,
Harbinger of fall.

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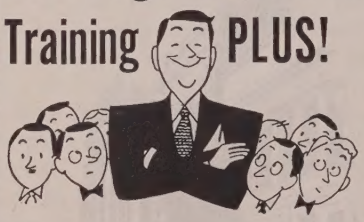

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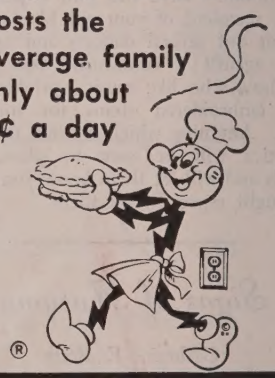

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